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OCCASIONAL

P O E M S,
TRANSLATIONS,
FABLES, TALES, &c.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

Dum nihil habemus majus, Calamo ludimus. PHÆD.



L O N D O N;

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the Cross-
Keys between the Temple-Gates, Fleet-street.

M.DCC.XXVII.

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By WILLIAM SOMERVELL, Esq.

Author of the "Fables of the Ancients," &c.



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Printed for Bernard Lintot, at the
 Arms between the Temple-Gate and
 M. DCC. LXXV.



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ERRATA.

- Page 28. l. 3. for *search*, read *search'd*.
 81. l. penult. for *Hill*, read *Hills*.
 82. l. 9. for *Lord*, read *Lords*.
 131. l. ult. for *content to*, read *contented*.





AN
ODE,

Humbly Inscrib'd to his Grace

The Duke of Marlborough,

Upon his Removal from all his PLACES.

Virtus repulsa nescia sordida

Intaminatis fulget honoribus,

Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,

Arbitrio popularis Aure. HOR.

WHEN in meridian Glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious
Rays,

Above the Muses weaker Flight,

Above the Poets Praise.

In vain the Goddess mounts her native Skies,
 In vain, with feeble Wings, attempts to rise;
 In vain she toils to do her Hero right,
 Lost in Excess of Day, and boundless Tracks of Light.
 The *Theban* Swan with daring Wings,
 And Force impetuous, soars on high,
 Above the Clouds sublimely sings,
 Above the reach of mortal Eye.
 But what alas! would *Pindar* do,
 Were his bold Muse to sing of you?
 Can *Chromius*' Strength be nam'd with yours?
 Can mimic Fights, and sportive War,
 With *Schellembergh's* demolish'd Tow'rs,
 Or *Blenheim's* bloody Field compare?
 The Bard wou'd blush at *Theron's* Speed,
 When *Marlb'ro* mounts the fir'y Steed;
 And the despairing Foe's pursu'd
 Thro' Towns, and Provinces subdu'd.

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. **B**

Fond Poet spare thy empty Boast,
In vain thy Chariots raise so great a Dust;
See *Britain's* Hero with whole Armies flies,
To execute his vast Designs,
To pass the *Scheld*, to force the Lines,
Swift as thy smoking Carr, to win th' Olympick
Prize.

But now, when with diminish'd Light,
And Beams more tolerably bright;
With less of Grandeur, and Surprise,
Mild you descend to mortal Eyes;
Your setting Glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling Pomp before.
Your Worth is better understood,
The Hero more distinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not so Great as Good.
True Virtue's amiable Face
Improves, when shaded by Disgrace,

4 338 *Occasional Poems,*

A lively Sense of conscious Worth,
 Calls all her hidden Beauties forth;
 Darts thro' the Gloom a lovely Ray,
 And by her own intrinsic Light, creates a nobler
 Day.

Let fickle Chance with partial Hands divide

Her gaudy Pomp, her tinsel Pride;

Who to her Knaves and Fools supplies

Those Favours which the Brave despise.

Let Faction raise the saucy Croud,

And call her Multitude to Arms;

Let Envy's Vipers hiss aloud,

And rouse all Hell with dire Alarms:

Go shake the Rocks, and bid the Hills remove;

Yet still the Hero's Mind shall be

Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,

Fix'd on its Base, firm as the Throne of Jove.

Bri-

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c.

5

Britons, look back on those auspicious Days,
On *Ister's* Banks when your great Leader stood,
And with your gasping Foes incumber'd all the
Flood.

Or when *Ramillies'* bloody Plain

Was fatten'd with the Mighty slain;

Or when *Blaregnies'* Ramparts were assail'd,

With Force that Heav'n itself had scal'd.

Did then reviling Pens profane

Your *Marlbro's* sacred Name?

Did noisy Tribunes then debauch the Croud?

Did their unrighteous Votes blaspheme aloud?

Did mercenary Tools conspire

To curse the Hero whom their Foes admire?

No——The contending Nations sung his Praise;

While Bards of ev'ry Clime,

Exert their most Triumphant Lays,

No Thought too great, no Diction too sublime.

Hail, glorious Prince ! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
 For thy invulnerable Fame
 No Diminution can receive,
 Thou mighty Man ! art still the same,
 Thy purer Gold eludes the Flame ;
 This fiery Tryal makes thy Virtue shine,
 And Persecution crowns thy Brows with Rays
 divine,
 But what alas ! shall fainting *Europe* do ?
 How stand the Shock of her imperious Foe ?
 What Successor shall bear the Weight
 Of all our Cares ! and prop the State ?
 Since thou our *Atlas* art remov'd,
 O best deserving Chief ! and therefore best belov'd !

3.
 To your own *Blenheim's* blissful Seat,
 From this ungrateful World retreat ;

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. 7

A Gift unequal to that Hero's Worth,
Who from the peaceful *Thames* led our bold *Bri-*
tons forth,

To free the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
Who by the Thunder of his Arms
Shook the proud *Rhosne* with loud Alarms,
And rais'd a Tempest in the trembling *Seine*.

After the long Fatigues of War,
Repose your envy'd Virtues here ;
Enjoy (my Lord) the sweet Repast
Of all your glorious Toils,
A Pleasure that shall ever last,
The mighty Comfort that proceeds
From the just Sense of vertuous Deeds,
Content with endless Fame, condemn the meaner
Spoils.

Pomona calls, and *Pan* invites,
To rural Pleasures, chaste Delights ;

The Orange, and the Citron Grove,
 Will by your hand alone improve;
 Wou'd fain their gaudy Liv'ries wear,
 And wait your Presence to revive the Year.
 In this Elysium, more than blest,
 Laugh at the Vulgar's senseless Hate,
 The Politician's vain Deceit,
 The fawning Knave, the proud Ingrate,
 Revolve in your capacious Breast,
 The various unforeseen Events,
 And unexpected Accidents,
 That change the flatt'ring Scene, and overturn the
 Great.
 Frail are our Hopes, and short the Date
 Of Grandeur's transitory State.
 Corinthian Brass shall melt away;
 And Parian Marble shall decay;

The vast *Colossus*, that on either Shore

Exulting stood, is now no more ;

Arts, and Artificers shall die,

And in one common Ruin lie.

Behold your own Majestick Palace rise,

In haste to emulate the Skies ;

The gilded Globes, the pointed Spires,

See the proud Dome's ambitious Height,

Emblem of Pow'r, and pompous State,

Above the Clouds aspires :

Yet *Vulcan's* Spight, or angry *Jove*,

May soon its tow'ring Pride reprove,

Its painted Glories soon efface,

Divide the pond'rous Roof, and shake the solid Base.

Material Structures must submit to Fate,

But Virtue which alone is truly great ;

Virtue like yours (my Lord) shall be

Secure of Immortality.

Nor

Nor foreign Force, nor factious Rage,
 Nor Envy, nor devouring Age,
 Your lasting Glory shall impair,
 Time shall mysterious Truths declare,
 And Works of Darkness shall disclose;
 This Blessing is reserv'd for you
 T' out-live the Trophies to your Merit due,
 And Malice of your Foes.
 If glorious Actions, in a glorious Cause,
 If Valour negligent of Praise,
 Deserving, yet retireing from Applause,
 In gen'rous Minds can great Ideas raise:
 If *Europe* sav'd, and Liberty restor'd,
 By steady Conduct, and a prosp'rous Sword,
 Can claim in free-born Souls a just Esteem;
 Britain's victorious Chief shall be
 Rever'd by late Posterity,
 The Hero's Pattern, and the Poet's Theme.

An ODE,
Occasion'd by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S
Imbarking for Ostend, An. 1712.

Interq; mœrentes Amicos

Egregius properavit Exul. HOR.

YE Powers, who rule the boundless Deep,
Whose dread Commands the Winds obey,
To roll the Waters on a heap,
Or smooth the liquid way:
Propitious hear *Britannia's* Pray'r,
Britannia's Hope, is now your Care,
Whom oft to yonder distant Shore,
Your hospitable Billows bore,
When *Europe* in distress implor'd
Relief from his victorious Sword;

Who

Who, when the mighty Work was done,
 Tyrants repell'd, and Battels won,
 On your glad Waves, proud of the glorious Load,
 Thro' these your watry Realms, in yearly Triumph
 rode.

To Winds, and Seas, distress'd he flies,
 From Storms at Land, and Faction's Spight,
 Tho' the more fickle Croud denies,
 The Winds, the Seas, shall do his Virtue right.
 Be hush't ye Winds, be still ye Seas,
 Ye Billows sleep at ease,
 And in your rocky Caverns rest,
 Let all be Calm as the Great Hero's Breast.
 Here no unruly Passions reign,
 Nor servile Fear, nor proud Disdain,
 Each wilder Lust is banish'd hence,
 Where gentle Love presides, and mild Benevo-
 lence.

Here

Here no gloomy Cares arise,
Conscious Honour still supplies,
Friendly Hope, and Peace of Mind,
Such as dying Martyrs find.
Serene within, no Guilt he knows,
While all his Wrongs sit heavy on his Foes.

2.
Say, Muse, what Hero shall I sing,
What great Example bring,
To parallel this mighty Wrong,
And with his graceful Woes adorn my Song?
Shall Brave THEMISTOCLES appear
Before the haughty *Persian's* Throne?
While conquer'd Chiefs confess their Fear,
And shatter'd Fleets his Triumphs own.
In Admiration fix'd, the Monarch stood,
With secret Joy, his Glorious Prize he view'd,
Of more Intrinsick Worth than Provinces subdu'd.

}
Or

Or faithful *ARISTIDES*, sent,
 For being just, to Banishment;
 He writ the rigid Sentence down,
 He pity'd the misguided Clown.
 Or him, who when brib'd Orators misled
 The Factionous Tribes, to hostile *Sparta* fled;
 The vile Ingrateful Croud,
 Proclaim'd their impious Joy aloud,
 But soon the Fools discover'd to their Cost,
Athens in *ALCIBIADES* was lost.
 Or if a *Roman* Name delight thee more,
 The Great Dictator's Fate deplore,
CAMILLUS against noisy Faction bold,
 In Victories, and Triumphs old.
 Ungrateful *Rome* !
 Punish'd by Heav'n's avenging Doom,
 Soon shall thy ardent Vows invite him home,
 The mighty Chieftain soon recall,
 To prop the falling Capitol,
 And save his Country from the perjur'd *Gaul*.

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. 15

Search, Muse, the dark Records of Time,
And ev'ry shameful Story trace,
Black with Injustice and Disgrace,
When glorious Merit was a Crime ;
Yet These, all these, but faintly can express
Folly without Excuse, and Madness in Excess.

3.

The noblest Object that our Eyes can bless,
Is the Brave Man triumphant in Distress :
Above the reach of partial Fate,
Above the Vulgar's Praise, or Hate,
Whom no feign'd Smiles can raise, no real Frowns
depress.
View him, ye *Britons*, on the naked Shore,
Resolv'd to trust your faithless Vows no more,
That Mighty Man ! who for ten glorious Years
Surpass'd our Hopes, prevented all our Pray'rs.

A

116 *Occasional Poems,*

A Name, in ev'ry Clime renown'd,
By Nations blest'd, by Monarchs crown'd.
In solemn Jubilees our Days we spent,
Our Hearts exulting in each Grand Event.

Factions applaud the Man they hate,
And with Regret, to pay their painful Homage
wait.

Have I not seen this croud'd Shore,
With Multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While Hills and Groves their Joy proclaim,
And echoing Rocks return his Name.

Attentive on the lovely Form they gaze,

He with a chearful Smile,
Glad to revisit this his parent Isle,
Flies from their Incense, and escapes their Praise.

Yes, *Britons*, view him still, unmov'd,

Unchang'd, tho' less belov'd.

His

His gen'rous Soul no deep Resentment fires,
But blushing for his Country's Crimes, the kind good

Man retires.

Ev'n now he fights for this devoted Isle,
And labours to preserve his native Soil,
Diverts the Vengeance which just Heav'n prepares,
Accus'd, Disarm'd, protects us with his Pray'rs.

Obdurate Hearts! Cannot such Merit move?

The Hero's Valour, nor the Patriot's Love?

Fly, Goddess, fly, this inauspicious Place;

Spurn at the vile Degen'rate Race,

Attend the Glorious Exile, and proclaim

In other Climes his lasting Fame,

Where honest Hearts, unknowing to forget

The Blessings from his Arms receiv'd,

Confess with Joy the mighty Debt,

Their Altars rescu'd, and their Gods reliev'd.

4.

Nor fails the Hero to a Clime unknown,
Cities preserv'd, their great Deliv'rer own :
Impatient Crouds about him press,
And with sincere Devotion bless.
Those Plains of ten years War the bloody Stage,
(Where panting Nations struggled to be free
And Life exchange'd for Liberty)
Retain the Marks of stern *Bellona's* Rage.
The doubtful Hind mistakes the Field
His fruitless Toil so lately till'd :
Here deep Intrenchments sunk, and Vales appear,
The vain Retreats of *Gallick* Fear ;
There new-created Hills deform the Plain,
Big with the Carnage of the Slain :
These Monuments, when Faction's spight

Has spit its pois'nous Foam in vain,
To endless Ages shall proclaim
The matchless Warrior's Might,
The Graves of slaughter'd Foes shall do his Valour
right.

These when the curious Traveller
Amaz'd shall view, and with attentive Care
Trace the sad Footsteps of destructive War;
Successive Bards shall tell,
How *Marlbro'* fought, how gasping Tyrants
fell.

Alternate Chiefs confess'd the Victor's Fame,
Pleas'd and excus'd, in their Successors shame.

In ev'ry Change, in ev'ry Form,
The *Proteus* felt his conqu'ring Arm,
Convinc'd of Weakness, in extreme Despair,
They lurk'd behind their Lines, and wage'd a lazy
War.

Nor Lines, nor Forts, cou'd calm the Soldier's
Fear,

Surpriz'd he found a *Marlbro'* there.

Nature, nor Art, his eager Rage withstood,
He measur'd distant Plains, he forc'd the rapid
Flood,

He fought, he conquer'd, he pursu'd.

In Years advanc'd, with youthful Vigour warm'd,
The Work of Ages in a Day perform'd.

When kindly Gleams dissolve the Winter Snows,
From *Alpine* Hills, with such impetuous haste,

The Icy Torrent flows ;

In vain the Rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the Regions
waste.

Stop Goddess, thy presumptuous Flight,

Nor soar to such a dang'rous height,

Raise

* Raise not the Ghost of his departed Fame,
To pierce our conscious Souls with guilty Shame :
But tune thy Harp to humbler Lays,
Nor meditate offensive Praise.

* He who remembers the many scurrilous Libels publish'd about the time this Ode was writ, and reflecting upon the Character of this Great Hero, will readily know what Figure is made use of in this Line. His Fame will be immortal, and his glorious Actions the Admiration of future Ages, when such vile Scriblers, and their Works, shall be a prey to Worms.





To Mr. Addifon,
Occasioned by his Purchasing an Estate
in Warwickshire.

——— *En erit unquam*
Ille Dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per Orbem,
Sola Sophocleo tua Carmina digna Cothurno!

VIRG.

TO the gay Town where guilty Pleasure reigns,
The wise good Man prefers our humble Plains:
Neglected Honours on his Merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be Great,
The World resigning for this calm Retreat.
His Soul with Wisdom's choicest Treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer Thought,
And lives by Rules his happy Pen has taught.

Great

Great Bard ! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
To reach your Praise, without your sacred Fire ?
From the judicious Critick's piercing Eyes,
To the best-natur'd Man secure she flies.

When panting Virtue her last Efforts made,
You brought your * CLIO to the Virgin's Aid ;
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To Vengeance yielding her abandon'd Crew.
'Tis true, confed'rate Wits their Forces join,
Parnassus labours in the Work divine :
Yet these we read with too impatient Eyes,
And hunt for you thro' ev'ry dark Disguise ;
In vain your Modesty that Name conceals,
Which ev'ry Thought, which ev'ry Word reveals.

* The Letters which mark'd the *Spectators* writ by
Mr. *Addison*.

* With like Success, bright Beauty's Goddess tries
 To veil immortal Charms from mortal Eyes ;
 Her graceful Port, and her celestial Mien,
 To her brave Son betray the *Cyprian* Queen ;
 Odours divine perfume her rosy Breast,
 She glides along the Plain in Majesty confess'd.
 Hard was the Task, and worthy your great Mind,
 To please at once, and to reform Mankind :
 Yet when you write, Truth charms with such Address,
 Pleads Virtue's Cause with such becoming Grace,
 His own fond Heart the guilty Wretch betrays,
 He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys :
 You touch our Follies with so nice a Skill,
 Nature and Habit prompt in vain to Ill.
 Nor can it lessen the *Spectator's* Praise,
 That from your friendly Hand he wears the Bays ;

* Vid. Virg. *Æneid.* Lib. 1.

His great Design all Ages shall commend,
But more his happy Choice in such a Friend.
So the fair Queen of Night the World relieves,
Nor at the Sun's superiour Honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the Glories she receives.

When dark Oblivion is the Warrior's Lot,
His Merits censur'd, and his Wounds forgot;
When burnish'd Helms, and gilded Armour rust,
And each proud Trophy sinks in common Dust:
Fresh blooming Honours deck the Poet's Brows,
He shares the mighty Blessings he bestows,
His spreading Fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your Muse in her immortal Strain
Describ'd the glorious Toils on *Blenheim's* Plain,
Ev'n *Marlbro'* might have fought, and *Dormer*
bled in vain.

When

When Honour calls, and the just Cause inspires,
Britain's bold Sons to emulate their Sires;
Your Muse these great Examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.

Contending Nations antient *Homer* claim,
And *Mantua* glories in her *Maro's* Name;
Our happier Soil the Prize shall yield to none,
* *Ardenna's* Groves shall boast an *Addison*.
Ye——*Silvan* Powers, and all ye rural Gods,
That guard these peaceful Shades, and blest Abodes;
For your new Guest your choicest Gifts prepare,
Exceed his Wishes, and prevent his Pray'r;
Grant him Propitious, Freedom, Health, and Peace,
And as his Virtues, let his Stores increase.

* In the *Saxon* Times part of this County was called the
Forest of Arden.

His

His lavish Hand no Deity shall mourn,
The pious Bard shall make a just Return;
In lasting Verse eternal Altars raise,
And over-pay your Bounty with his Praise.

Tune ev'ry Reed, touch ev'ry String, ye Swains,
Welcome the Stranger to these happy Plains,
With Hymns of Joy in solemn Pomp attend
Apollo's Darling, and the Muses Friend.

Ye Nymphs that haunt the Streams and shady
Groves,

Forget a while to mourn your absent Loves;
In Song and sportive Dance your Joy proclaim,
In yielding Blushes own your rising Flame,
Be kind, ye Nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.

Each Land remote your curious Eye has view'd,
 That *Grecian* Arts, or *Roman* Arms subdu'd ;
 Search ev'ry Region, ev'ry distant Soil,
 With pleasing Labour, and instructive Toil :
 Say then, accomplish'd Bard ! What God inclin'd
 To these our humble Plains your gen'rous Mind ?
 Nor would you deign in *Latian* Fields to dwell,
 Which none know better, or describe so well.
 In vain Ambrosial Fruits invite your Stay,
 In vain the Myrtle Groves obstruct your Way,
 And ductile Streams that round the Borders stray.
 Your wiser Choice prefers this Spot of Earth,
 Distinguish'd by th' immortal *Shakespear's* Birth ;
 * Where thro' the Vales the fair *Avona* glides,
 And nourishes the Glebe with fat'ning Tides ;

* At *Stratford* upon *Avon*, where *Shakespear* was born, and buried.

Flora's rich Gifts deck all the verdant Soil,
And Plenty crowns the happy Farmer's Toil.
Here, on the painted Borders of the Flood,
The Babe was born ; his Bed with Roses strow'd :
Here in an ancient venerable Dome,
Oppress'd with Grief, we view the Poet's Tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd Urn,
And in soft Elegies complaining-mourn :
While the bless'd Saint in loftier Strains above,
Reveals the Wonders of eternal Love.
The Heav'ns delighted in his tuneful Lays,
With silent Joy attend their Maker's Praise.
In Heav'n he sings ; on Earth your Muse supplies
Th' important Loss, and heals our weeping Eyes.
Correctly great, she melts each flinty Heart,
With equal Genius, but superior Art.
Hail, happy Pair ! ordain'd by turns to bless,
And save a sinking Nation in Distress.

By

By great Examples to reform the Croud,
Awake their Zeal, and warm their frozen Blood.
When *Brutus* strikes for Liberty and Laws,
Nor spares a Father in his Country's Cause;
Justice severe applauds the cruel Deed,
A Tyrant suffers, and the World is freed.
But, when we see the Godlike *Cato* bleed,
The Nation weeps; and from thy Fate, Oh *Rome*!
Learns to prevent her own impending Doom.
Where is the Wretch a worthless Life can prize,
When Senates are no more, and *Cato* dies?
Indulgent Sorrow, and a pleasing Pain,
Heaves in each Breast, and beats in ev'ry Vein.
Th' expiring Patriot animates the Crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient Rights aloud,
The dear-bought Purchase of their Fathers Blood.
Fair Liberty her Head Majestick rears,
Ten thousand Blessings in her Bosom bears;

Serene

Serene she smiles, revealing all her Charms,
And calls her Free-born Youth to glorious Arms.
Faction's repell'd, and grumbling, leaves her Prey,
Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal Day,
* When Eastern Gales shall sweep her Hopes away.
Such ardent Zeal your Muse alone could raise,
Alone reward it with immortal Praise.
Ages to come shall celebrate your Fame,
And rescu'd *Britain* bless the Poet's Name.
So when the dreaded Pow'rs of *Sparta* fail'd,
Tyrtæus and *Athenian* Wit prevail'd.
Too weak the Laws by wise *Lycurgus* made,
And Rules severe without the Muses Aid :
He touch'd the trembling Strings, the Poet's Song
Reviv'd the Faint, and made the Feeble strong ;

* The Wind that was to bring over the *Hanover* Succession.

Recall'd the Living to the dusty Plain,
And to a better Life restor'd the Slain.
The Victpr-Host amaz'd, with Horror view'd
Th' assembling Troops, and all the War renew'd;
To more than mortal Courage quit the Field,
And to their Foes th'unfinish'd Trophies yield.





*An Imitation of the Ninth Ode of
the Fourth Book of Horace.*

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable JAMES
STANHOPE Esq; one of his Majesty's
Principal Secretaries of State, late Earl
STANHOPE.*

I.

BOrn near *Avona's* winding Stream

I touch the trembling Lyre,

No vulgar Thoughts, no vulgar Theme

Shall the bold Muse inspire.

'Tis Immortality's her Aim ;

Sublime she mounts the Skies,

D

She

She climbs the steep Ascent to Fame,
Nor ever shall want Force to rise,
While she supports her Flight with *Stanhope's* Name.
What tho' Majestick *Milton* stands alone
Inimitably great !
Bow low, ye Bards, at his exalted Throne,
And lay your Labours at his Feet ;
Capacious Soul ! whose boundless Thoughts survey
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Sea ;
Lo ! where th' embattel'd Gods appear,
The Mountains from their Seats they tear,
And shake th' Empyrean Heav'ns with impious War.
Yet, nor shall *Milton's* Ghost repine
At all the Honours we bestow
On *Addison's* deserving Brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his Work divine,
Whose skilful Pen has done his Merit right,
And set the Jewel in a fairer Light.

Enliven'd by his bright Essay
Each flow'ry Scene appears more gay,
New Beauties spring in *Eden's* fertile Groves,
And by his Culture PARADISE improves.

Garth by *Apollo* doubly blest'd
Is by the God entire possess'd,
Age unwilling to depart
Begs Life from his prevailing Skill:

Youth reviving from his Art,
Borrows its Charms, and Pow'r to kill.
But when the Patriot's injur'd Fame,
His Country's Honour, or his Friends
A more extensive Bounty claim,
With Joy the ready Muse attends,
Immortal Honours she bestows,
A Gift the Muse alone can give,
She crowns the glorious Victor's Brows,
And bids expiring Virtue live.

Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with am'rous Flames

That *Congreve's* Lays inspire ;

And *Philips* warm the gentle Swains

To Love and soft Desire.

Ah! shun, ye Fair, the dang'rous Sounds,

Alas! each moving Accent wounds,

The Sparks conceal'd revive again

The God restor'd, resumes his Reign,

In killing Joys and pleasing Pain.

Thus does each Bard in different Garb appear,

Each Muse has her peculiar Air,

And in Propriety of Dress becomes more fair ;

To each impartial Providence

Well-chosen Gifts bestows,

He varies his Munificence,

And in divided Streams the heav'nly Blessing flows.

2.

If we look back on Ages past and gone,
When infant Time his Race begun,
The distant View still lessens to our Sight,
Obscur'd in Clouds, and veil'd in Shades of Night.
The Muse alone can the dark Scenes display,
Enlarge the Prospect, and disclose the Day.
'Tis she the Records of Times past explores,
And the dead Hero to new Life restores,
To the Brave Man who for his Country died,
Erects a lasting Pyramid,
Supports his Dignity and Fame,
When mould'ring Pillars drop his Name.
In full Proportion leads her Warrior forth,
Discovers his neglected Worth,
Brightens his Deeds, by envious Rust o'ercast,
T' improve the present Age, and vindicate the
past.

Did not the Muse our crying Wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more shou'd know
Of *Lewis* by Oppression great
Than we of *Nimrod* now,
The Meteor should but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the Reward of endless Infamy.
Ev'n that Brave Chief, who set the Nations free,
The greatest Name the World can boast,
Without the Muse's Aid shall be
Sunk in the Tide of Time, and in Oblivion lost.
The Sculptor's Hand may make the Marble live,
Or the bold Pencil trace
The Wonders of that lovely Face,
Where ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace,
That Man can wish, or Heav'n can give,
In happy Union join'd, confess
The Hero born to conquer, and to bless.

Yet

Yet vain, alas ! is ev'ry Art,

Till the great Work the Muse compleat,

And everlasting Fame impart,

That soars aloft, above the Reach of Fate.

Hail happy Bard ! on whom the Gods bestow

A Genius equal to the vast Design,

Whose Thoughts sublime, in easy Numbers flow,

While *Marlbro's* Virtues animate each Line.

How shall our trembling Souls survey

The Horrors of each bloody Day ?

The wreaking Carnage of the Plain

Incumber'd with the mighty Slain,

The strange Variety of Death,

And the sad Murmurs of departing Breath?

Scamander's Streams shall yield to *Danube's* Flood,

To the dark Bosom of the Deep pursu'd

By fiercer Flames, and stain'd with nobler Blood.

The Gods shall arm on either side,
Th' important Quarrel to decide :
The grand Event embroil the Realms above,
And Faction revel in the Court of *Jove* ;
While Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea and Air,
Shall feel the mighty Shock and Labour of the War.

3.

Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,
Lost in the mean Disguise
Of abject Sloth, depress'd, unknown.
Rough in its native Bed the unwrought Diamond
lies,
Till Chance, or Art, reveal its Worth,
And call its latent Glories forth ;
But when its radiant Charms are view'd,
Becomes the Idol of the Croud,
And adds new Lustre to the Monarch's Crown.

What

What *British* Harp can lie unstrung,
When *Stanhope's* Fame demands a Song?
Upwards, ye Muses, take your wanton Flight,
Tune ev'ry Lyre to *Stanhope's* Praise,
Exert your most triumphant Lays,
Nor suffer such Heroick Deeds to sink in endless Night.
The golden *Tagus* shall forget to flow,
And *Ebro* leave its Channel dry,
E'er *Stanhope's* Name to Time shall bow,
And lost in dark Oblivion lie.
Where shall the Muse begin her airy Flight?
Where first direct her dubious Way?
Lost in Variety of Light,
And dazled in Excess of Day.
Wisdom, and Valour, Probity, and Truth,
At once upon the labouring Fancy throng,
The Conduct of old Age, the Fire of Youth,
United in one Breast perplex the Poet's Song.

Those

Those Virtues which dispers'd and rare
The Gods too thriftily bestow'd,
And scatter'd to amuse the Croud,
When former Heroes were their Care,
T' exert at once their Pow'r divine
In thee, Brave Chief, collected shine.
So from each lovely blooming Face
Th' ambitious Artift stole a Grace,
When in one finish'd Piece he strove
To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love.
Thy provident unbias'd Mind
Knowing in Arts of Peace, and War,
With indefatigable Care,
Labours the Good of Human Kind :
Erect in Dangers, modest in Success,
Corruption's everlasting Bane,
Where injur'd Merit finds Redress,
And worthless Villains wait in vain.

Tho'

Tho' fawning Knaves besiege thy Gate,
And court the honest Man they hate ;
Thy steady Virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to subdue,

As when on *Almanara's* Plain the scatter'd Squa-
drons flew.

Vain are th' Attacks of Force or Art,
Where *Cæsar's* Arm defends a *Cato's* Heart.

Oh! could thy gen'rous Soul dispense
Through this unrighteous Age its sacred Influence ;
Could the base Crowd from thy Example learn
To trample on their impious Gifts with Scorn,
With Shame confounded to behold
A Nation for a Trifle sold,
Dejected Senates should no more
Their Champion's Absence mourn,
Contending Boroughs should thy Name return ;

Thy

Thy bold *Philippicks* should restore
Britannia's Wealth, and Pow'r and Fame,
Nor Liberty be deem'd an empty Name,
While Tyrants trembled on a foreign Shore.
No swelling Titles, Pomp, and State,
The Trappings of a Magistrate,
Can dignify a Slave, or make a Traytor great.
For, careless of external Show,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready Homage pay,
Which to superior Gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an Empire gains,
And Virtue, tho' neglected, reigns.
The Wretch is indigent and poor,
Who brooding sits o'er his ill-gotten Store;
Trembling with Guilt, and haunted by his Sin,
He feels the rigid Judge within.

But

But they alone are bless'd, who wisely know
T' enjoy the little which the Gods bestow,
Proud of their glorious Wants, disdain
To barter Honesty for Gain;
No other Ill but Shame they fear,
And scorn to purchase Life too dear:
Profusely lavish of their Blood,
For their dear Friends or Country's Good,
If *Britain* conquer, can rejoice in Death,
And in triumphant Shouts resign their Breath.





To Doctor Mackenzie.

O Thou, whose penetrating Mind,
Whose Heart benevolent, and kind,
Is ever present in Distress;
Glad to preserve, and proud to bless:
Oh! leave not *Arden's* faithful Grove,
On *Caledonian* Hills to rove.
But hear our fond united Pray'r,
Nor force a County to Despair.

Let Homicides in *Warwick-Lane*,
With Hecatombs of Victims slain,
Butcher for Knighthood, and for Gain;
While thou pursu'st a nobler Aim,
Declining Interest for Fame.

Where'er

Where'er thy Maker's Image dwells,
In gilded Roofs, or smoky Cells,
The same thy Zeal : o'er-joy'd to save
Thy Fellow-Creature from the Grave.
For well thy Soul can understand
The Poor Man's Call, is God's Command,
No frail, no transient Good, his Fee ;
But Heav'n, and Bless'd Eternity.
Nor are thy Labours here in vain,
The Pleasure over-pays the Pain.
True Happiness (if understood)
Consists alone, in doing Good ;
Speak all ye Wise, can God bestow,
Or Man a greater Pleasure know ?
See where the grateful Father bows !
His Tears confess how much he owes,
His Son, the Darling of his Heart,
Restor'd by your prevailing Art,

His

His House, his Name, redeem'd by you,

His ancient Honours bloom a-new.

But oh! what Idioms can express

The vast transcendant Happiness

The faithful Husband feels? his Wife,

His better Half, recall'd to Life:

See, with what Rapture! see him view

The shatter'd Frame rebuilt by you!

See Health rekindling in her Eyes!

See baffled Death give up his Prize!

Tell me (my Friend) canst thou forbear,

In this gay Scene to claim a Share?

Does not thy Blood more swiftly flow?

Thy Heart with secret Transports glow?

Health, Life, by Heav'n's Indulgence sent,

And thou the glorious Instrument.

Safe in thy Art, no Ills we fear,
Thy Hand shall plant *Elysium* here ;
Pale Sicknefs shall thy Triumphs own,
And ruddy Health exalt her Throne.
The Fair, renew'd in all her Charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting Arms ;
With gracious Smiles repay thy Care,
And leave her Lovers in Despair.
While Multitudes applaud, and blefs,
Their great *Asylum* in Distrefs,
My humble Muse, among the Croud,
Her joyful *Pæans* fings aloud.
Cou'd I, but with *Mæonian* Flight,
Sublimely soar, thro' Fields of Light,
Above the Stars thy Name shou'd shine,
Nor Great *Mæchaon's* rival thine !

E

But

But Father *Phæbus*, who has done
So much for thee his fav'rite Son,
His other Gifts on me bestows
With partial Hands, nor hears my Vows:
Oh! let a grateful Heart supply,
What the Penurious Pow'rs deny.





The W I F E.

Imperial *Jove* (as Poets sung of old)
Was coupled to a more Imperial Scold,
A jealous, termagant, insulting Jade,
And more observant than a wither'd Maid :
She watch'd his waters with unweari'd Eyes,
And chac'd the God through ev'ry fly Disguise,
Out-brav'd his Thunder with her louder Voice,
And shook the Poles with everlasting Noise.
At Midnight Revels, when the Gossips met,
He was the Theme of their eternal Chat :
This ask'd what Form great *Jove* would next de-
vise,
And when his God-ship would again *Taurise* ?

That hinted at the wanton Life he led
With *Leda*, and with Baby *Ganymede* :
Scandals, and Lyes, went merrily about,
With heav'nly Lambs-wooll, and Nectarial Stout.
Home she returns erect with Lust, and Pride,
At Bed and Board alike unsatisfy'd ;
The Hen-peck'd God her angry Presence flies,
Or at her Feet the passive Thund'rer lies,
In vain : Still more she raves, still more she storms,
And Heav'ns high Vaults eccho her loud Alarms :
To *Bacchus*, merry Blade, the God repairs,
To drown in Nectar his Domestick Cares,
The Fury thither too pursues the Chace,
Palls the rich Juice, and poisons ev'ry Glas ;
Wine that makes Cowards Brave, the Dying Strong,
Is a poor Cordial 'gainst a Woman's Tongue.
To Arms ! to Arms ! th' impetuous Fury cries,
The jolly God th' impending Ruin flies :

His trembling Tygers hide their fearful Heads,
Scar'd at a Fierceness which their own exceeds;
Bottles aloft like bursting Bombs resound,
And smoking spout their liquid Ruin round;
Like Storms of Hail the scatter'd Fragments fly,
Bruis'd Bowls, and broken Glass, obscure the
Sky;

Tables, and Chairs, and Stools, together hurl'd,
With universal Wreck fright all the nether World.

Such was the Clamour, such great *Jove's* Sur-
prize,

When by Gygantie Hands the Mountains rise,
To wrest his Thunder, and invade the Skies.

Who wou'd not envy *Jove* eternal Life,
And wish for God-head clogg'd with such a Wife?

If e'er it be my wayward Fate to wed,

Avert, ye Pow'rs, a *Juno* from my Bed:

Let her be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,
Let her be Whore, or any thing but Scold;
With Pray'rs incessant for my Lot I crave
The Quiet Cuckold, not the Hen-peck'd Slave;
Or give me Peace on Earth, or give it in the Grave.





*In Memory of my Dear Friend,
The late Reverend Mr. MOORE.*

O F humble Birth, but of more humble Mind,
By Learning much, by Virtue more refin'd,
A fair and equal Friend to all Mankind.
Parties, and Sects, by fierce Divisions torn,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to mourn;
Their Hearts unite in undissembled Woe,
And in one common Stream their Sorrows flow.
Each Part in Life with equal Grace he bore,
Obliging to the Rich, a Father to the Poor.
From sinful Riots silently he fled,
But came unbidden to the sick Man's Bed.

Manners and Men he knew, and when to press
The Poor Man's Cause, and plead it with Success.

No Penal Laws he stretch'd, but won by Love
His Hearers Hearts, unwilling to reprove.

When four Rebukes, and harsher Language fail,
Cou'd with a lucky Jest, or merry Tale,
O'er stubborn Souls in Virtue's Cause prevail.

Whene'er he preach'd, the Throng attentive stood,
Feasted with Manna, and celestial Food :

He taught them how to live, and how to die ;
Nor did his Actions give his Words the Lye.

Go, happy Soul ! sublimely take thy Flight
Thro' Fields of Æther, in long Tracks of Light,
The Guest of Angels ; range from Place to Place,
And view thy great Redeemer Face to Face.

Just God ! Eternal Source of Power and Love !
Whom we lament on Earth, give us above ;
Oh ! grant us our Companion, and our Friend,
In Bliss without Alloy, and without End.





E P I T A P H

Upon HUGH LUMBER, *Husbandman.*

IN Cottages, and homely Cells,
True Piety neglected dwells ;
Till call'd to Heav'n her native Seat,
Where the Good-Man alone is Great :
'Tis then, this humble Dust shall rise,
And view his Judge with joyful Eyes ;
While haughty Tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the Mountains to their aid.

The



The H I P.

To WILLIAM COLMORE, *Esq;*

The Day after the great Meteor, in
March 1715.

THIS dismal Morn, when East Winds blow,
And ev'ry languid Pulse beats low,
With Face most sorrowfully grim,
And Head oppress'd with Wind, and Whim,
Grave as an Owl, and just as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful Ditty ;
And in mine own dull Rhimes would find
Musick to sooth my restless Mind :
But oh ! (my Friend) I sing in vain,
No Dogrel can relieve my Pain ;

Since

Since thou art gone my Heart's desire,
 And Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea conspire,
 To make my Miseries compleat ;
 Where shall a wretched *Hip*. retreat ?
 What shall a drooping Mortal do,
 Who pines for Sunshine and for you ?
 If in the dark Alcove I dream,
 And you, or *Phillis*, is my Theme,
 While Love, or Friendship, warm my Soul,
 My Shins are burning to a Coal.
 If rais'd to Speculations high,
 I gaze the Stars and spangled Sky,
 With Heart devout and wond'ring Eye,
 * Amaz'd I view strange Globes of Light
 Meteors with horrid Lustre bright,
 My guilty trembling Soul affright.

* This Meteor appear'd the Night before the Writing of
 this, and its Passage is described by Mr. *Whiston*.

To Mother Earth's prolifick Bed,
Penfive I stoop my giddy Head,
From thence too all my Hopes are fled.
Nor Flow'rs, nor Grass, nor Shrubs, appear,
To deck the smiling infant Year;
But Blasts my tender Blossoms wound,
And Desolation reigns around.
If Sea-ward my dark Thoughts I bend,
O! where will my Misfortunes end?
My Loyal Soul distracted meets
Attainted Dukes, and * *Spanish* Fleets.
Thus jarring Elements unite,
Pregnant with Wrongs, and arm'd with Spight,
Successive Mischiefs ev'ry hour
On my devoted Head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis still an endless Scene of Woe.

* An Invasion from *Spain* was expected about this Time.

'Tis

'Tis thus Disconsolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, 'till thy Return ;
'Till thy brisk Wit, and hum'rous Vein,
Restore me to myself again.
Let others vainly seek for Ease,
From *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
I scorn such nauseous Aids as these.
Haste then (my Dear) unbrib'd attend,
The best Elixir is a Friend,





*To a LADY,
Who made me a Present of a Silver Pen.*

FAIR One, accept the Thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful Heart can do.

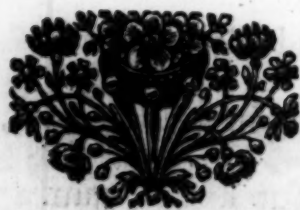
If e'er my Soul the Muse inspire
With Raptures and Poetick Fire,
Your kind Munificence I'll praise,
To you a thousand Altars raise :
Jove shall descend in golden Rain,
Or die a Swan ; but sing in vain.

Phæbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the Chariot of the Day,
To bask in your superior Ray.

Your Charms shall ev'ry God subduc,
And ev'ry Goddess envy you.

Add

'Add this but to your Bounty's Store,
This one great Boon, I ask no more :
O gracious Nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with Disdain neglect my Pray'r,
So shall your Goodness be confess'd,
'And I your Slave entirely blest'd ;
This Pen no vulgar Theme shall stain,
The noblest Palm your Gift shall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

*Pre-*



*Presenting to a Lady a White
Rose and a Red, on the Tenth of June.*

IF this pale Rose offend your Sight,
It in your Bosom wear ;

Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn *Lancastrian* there.

But, *Celia*, should the Red be chose,

With gay Vermilion bright ;

Twou'd sicken at each Blush that glows,
And in Despair turn White.

Let Politicians idly prate,
Their *Babels* build in vain;
As uncontrollable as Fate,
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty Faction shall obey,
And Whigs, and Tories join,
Submit to your Despotick Sway,
Confess your Right Divine.

Yet this (my gracious Monarch) own,
They're Tyrants that oppress;
'Tis Mercy must support your Throne,
And 'tis like Heav'n to Bless.

The



The Bowling-Green.

WHERE fair *Sabrina's* wand'ring Currents flow,
A large smooth Plain extends its verdant
Brow,

Here ev'ry Morn while fruitful Vapours feed
The swelling Blade, and bleſs the ſmoaking Mead,
A cruel Tyrant reigns : Like Time, the Swain
Whets his unrighteous Scythe ; and ſhaves the Plain.
Beneath each Stroke the peeping Flow'rs decay,
And all th' unripen'd Crop is ſwept away.
The heavy Roller next he tugs along,
Whiſs his ſhort Pipe, or rears a rural Song,
With curious Eye then the preſs'd Turf he views,
And ev'ry riſing Prominence ſubdues.

Now when each craving Stomach was well-
store'd,

And *Church and King*, had travell'd round the Board,
Hither at Fortune's Shrine to pay their Court,
With eager Hopes the motly Tribe resort ;
Attorneys spruce, in their Plate-button'd Frocks,
And rosy Parsons, Fat, and Orthodox :
Of ev'ry Sect, Whigs, Papists, and High-flyers,
Cornuted Aldermen, and Hen-peck'd Squires :
Fox-hunters, Quacks, Scriblers in Verse and Prose,
And Half-pay Captains, and Half-witted Beaux ;
On the Green Cirque the ready Racers stand,
Dispos'd in Pairs, and tempt the Bowler's Hand :
Each polish'd Sphere, does his round Brother own,
The Twins distinguish'd, by their Marks are known.
As the strong Rein guides the well-manag'd Horse,
Here weighty Lead infus'd directs their Course.

These

These in the ready Road drive on with speed,
But those in crooked Paths more artfully succeed.
So the tall Ship that makes some dang'rous Bay,
With a side Wind obliquely slopes her way.
Lo ! there the silver Tumbler fix'd on high,
The Victor's Prize, inviting every Eye ;
The Champions, or Consent, or Chance divide,
While each Man thinks his own the surer Side,
And the Jack leads, the skilful Bowler's Guide.

Bendo strip'd first, from foreign Coasts he brought
A Chaos of Receipts, and Anarchy of Thought ;
Where the tumultuous Whims to Faction prone,
Still jostled Monarch Reason from her Throne :
More dang'rous than the Porcupine's his Quill,
Inur'd to Slaughter, and secure to Kill.
Let loose, just Heav'n ! each virulent Disease,
But save us from such Murderers as these ;

Might *Bendo* live but half a Patriarch's Age,
Th' unpeopled World wou'd sink beneath his Rage;
Nor need t' appease the just Creator's Ire
A second Deluge, or consuming Fire.
He winks one Eye, and knits his Brow severe,
Then from his Hand launches the flying Sphere;
Out of the Green the guiltless Wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his Patients from this nether World:
Then grin'd malignant, but the jocund Croud
Deride his senseless Rage, and shout aloud.

Next, *Zadoc*, 'tis thy turn, imperious Priest!
Still late at Church, but early at a Feast.
No Turkey-Cock appears with better Grace,
His Garments black, Vermilion paints his Face;
His Wattles hang upon his stiffen'd Band,
His platter Feet upon the Trigger stand,
He grasps the Bowl in his rough brawny Hand.

Then

Then squatting down, with his grey goggle Eyes
He takes his Aim, and at the Mark it flies.

Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the Plain,

But shakes his strutting Paunch, and ambles on in vain;

For oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,

The inmate Lead the lighter Wood misguides.

He sharp Reproofs with kind Intreaties joins,

Then on the counter side with Pain reclines;

As if he meant to regulate its Course,

By Pow'r attractive, and magnetick Force.

Now almost in Despair, he raves, he storms,

Writhes his unwieldy Trunk in various Forms:

Unhappy *Proteus*! still in vain he tries

A thousand Shapes, the Bowl erroneous flies,

Deaf to his Pray'rs, regardless of his Cries.

His puffing Cheeks with rising Rage inflame,

And all his sparkling Rubies glow with Shame.

Bendo's proud Heart proof against Fortune's
Frown,

Resolves once more to make the Prize his own;
Cautious he plods, surveying all the Green,
And measures with his Eye the Space between.
But as on him 'twas a peculiar Curse,
To fall from one Extreme into a worse;
Conscious of too much Vigour, now for fear
He shou'd exceed, at hand he checks the Sphere.
Soon as he found its languid Force decay,
And the too weak Impression die away;
Quick after it he skuds, urges behind
Step after step, and now, with anxious Mind,
Hangs o'er the Bowl, slow-creeping on the Plain,
And chides its faint Efforts, and bawls amain.
Then on the guiltless Green the Blame to lay,
Curses the Mountains that obstruct his Way;

Brazens

Brazens it out with an audacious Face,
His Insolence improving by Disgrace.

Zadoc, who now with three black Mugs had
chear'd

His drooping Heart, and his sunk Spirits rear'd,
Advances to the Trigg with solemn Pace,
And ruddy Hope sits blooming on his Face,
The Bowl he pois'd, with pain his Hams he bends,
On well-chose Ground unto the Mark it tends:
Each adverse Heart pants with unusual Fear,
With Joy he follows the propitious Sphere;
Alas! how frail is ev'ry mortal Scheme!
We build on Sand, our Happiness a Dream.

Bendo's short Bowl stops the proud Victor's Course,
Purloins his Fame, and deadens all its Force.

At *Bendo* from each Corner of his Eyes
He darts malignant Rays, then mutt'ring flies

Into

Into the Bow'r ; there, panting, and half dead,
In thick Mundungus Clouds he hides his Head.

Muse, raise thy Voice, to win the glorious
Prize,

Bid all the Fury of the Battle rise :
These but the light-arm'd Champions of the Field,
See *Griper* there ! a Veteran well skill'd ;
This able Pilot knows to steer a Cause
Thro' all the Rocks and Shallows of the Laws :
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling Client saves
On the next Plank, and disappoints the Waves,
In this, at least, all Histories agree,
That tho' he lost his Cause, he sav'd his Fee.
When the fat Client looks in jovial Plight,
How complaisant the Man ! each Point how right !
But if th' abandon'd Orphan puts his Case,
And Poverty sits shrinking on his Face,

How

How like a Cur he snarls! when at the Door
For broken Scraps he quarrels with the Poor.
The Farmer's Oracle, when Rent-Day's near,
And Landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
When Huntsmen trespass, or his Neighbour's
Swine,
Or tatter'd Crape extorts by Right Divine,
Him all the Rich their Contributions pay,
Him all the Poor, with aching Hearts obey:
He in his Swanskin Doublet struts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing Throng.
A Passage clear'd, he takes his Aim with care,
And gently from his Hand lets loose the Sphere:
Smooth as a Swallow o'er the Plain it flies,
While he pursues its Track with eager Eyes;
Its hopeful Course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
Claps both his Hands, and jostles thro' the Croud,

Hov'ring

Hov'ring a while, soon at the Mark it stood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the Wood;
Loud is th' Applause of ev'ry betting Friend,
And Peals of clam'rous Joy the Concave rend.
But in each hostile Face, a dismal Gloom
Appears, the sad Presage of Loss to come;
'Mong these, *Trebellius* with a mournful Air
Of livid Hue, just dying with Despair,
Shuffles about, skews his chop-fallen Face,
And no whipp'd Gigg so often shifts his Place.
Then gives his sage Advice with wond'rous Skill,
Which no Man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
And with his Cane points out the dubious Ground.

Strong *Nimrod* now, fresh as the rising Dawn
Appears, his sinewy Limbs, and solid Brawn,

The gazing Croud admires. He nor in Courts
Delights, nor pompous Balls; but rural Sports
Are his Soul's Joy. At the Horn's brisk Alarms
He shakes th' unwilling *Phillis* from his Arms;
Mounts with the Sun, begins his bold Career,
To chase the wily Fox, or rambling Deer.

So *Hercules*, by *Juno's* dread Command,
From Savage Beasts, and Monsters freed the Land.

Hark! from the Covert of yon gloomy Brake,
Harmonious Thunder rolls, the Forests shake:
Men, Boys, and Dogs impatient for the Chace,
Tumultuous Transports flush in ev'ry Face;
With Ears erect the Courser paws the Ground,
Hills, Vales, and hollow Rocks, with chearing Cries

resound:

Drive down the Precipice (brave Youths) with speed,
Bound o'er the River Banks, and smoke along the
Mead.

But

But whither wou'd the devious Muse pursue
The pleasing Theme, and my past Joys renew?
Another Labour now demands thy Song,
Stretch'd in two Ranks, behold th' expecting Throng,
As *Nimrod* pois'd the Sphere : his Arm he drew
Back like an Arrow in the *Parthian* Yew,
Then launch'd the whirling Globe, and full as swift
it flew :
Bowls dash'd on Bowls confounded all the Plain,
Safe stood the Foe, well-cover'd by his Train.
Assaulted Tyrants thus their Guard defends,
Escaping by the Ruin of their Friends.
But now, he stands expos'd, their Order broke,
And seems to dread the next decisive Stroke.
So at some bloody Siege, the pond'rous Ball
Batters with ceaseless Rage the crumbling Wall,
(A Breach once made) soon galls the naked Town,
Riots in Blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each Avenue thus clear'd, with aching Heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his Art ;
Once more resolves to check his furious Foe,
Block up the Passage, and elude the Blow.
With cautious Hand, and with less Force, he threw }
The well-pois'd Sphere, that gently circling flew, }
But stopping short, cover'd the Mark from view. }
So little *Teucer* on the well-fought Field,
Securely skulk'd behind his Brother's Shield.

Nimrod, in Dangers bold, whose Heart elate,
Nor courted Fortune's Smiles, nor fear'd her Hate ;
Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around, }
With curious Eye examin'd all the Ground ; }
Not the least opening in the Front was found. }
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his Way, and moderates his Might.

Smooth.

Smooth-glideing o'er the Plain, th' obedient Sphere
 Held on its dubious Road, while Hope, and Fear,
 Alternate, ebb'd, and flow'd in ev'ry Breast :
 Now rolling nearer to the Mark it press'd ;
 Then chang'd its Course, by the strong Biass rein'd,
 And on the Foe discharg'd the Force that yet remain'd.
 Smart was the Stroke, away the Rival fled,
 The bold Intruder triumph'd in his stead.

Victorious *Nimrod* seiz'd the glitt'ring Prize,
 Shouts of outrageous Joy invade the Skies ;
 Hands, Tongues, and Caps, exalt the Victor's Fame,
Sabrina's Banks return him loud Acclaim.





The Lamentation of DAVID
over SAUL and JONATHAN.

PROstrate on Earth the bleeding Warrior lies,
And *Israel's* Beauty on the Mountains dies;
How are the Mighty fallen!

Hush'd be my Sorrows, gently fall my Tears,
Lest my sad Tale shou'd reach the Aliens Ears:

Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In Heathen *Gath*, or *Ascalon*, our Shame;

Lest proud *Philistia*, lest our haughty Foe,

With impious Scorn insult our solemn Woe.

O *Gilboa*! ye Hill aspiring high,
The last sad Scene of *Israel's* Tragedy:

Smooth-gliding o'er the Plain, th' obedient Sphere
Held on its dubious Road, while Hope, and Fear,
Alternate, ebb'd, and flow'd in ev'ry Breast :
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The last sad Scene of *Israel's* Tragedy:

No fatt'ning Dews be on thy Lawns distill'd,
 No kindly Show'rs refresh the thirsty Field;
 No hallow'd Fruits thy barren Soil shall raise,
 No spotless Kids, that on our Altars blaze;
 Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak Summits rise,
 Accurs'd by Men, and hateful to the Skies.

On thee the Shields of mighty Warriors lay,
 The Shield of *Saul* was vilely cast away;
 The *Lord anointed Saul*! his sacred Blood
 Distain'd thy Brow, and swell'd the common Flood
 How are the Mighty fallen!

Where'er their Bands the Royal Heroes led,
 The Combat thicken'd, and the Mighty bled;
 The slaughter'd Hosts beneath their Falchions die,
 And wing'd with Death unerring Arrows fly;
 Unknowing to return, still urge the Foe,
 As Fate insatiate, and as sure the Blow.

The Son, who next his conqu'ring Father fought,
Repeats the Wonders his Example taught :
Eager his Sire's illustrious Steps to trace,
And by Heroick Deeds assert his Race.

The Royal Eagle thus her ripening Brood
Trains to the Quarry, and directs to Blood :
His Darling thus, the Forest Monarch rears,
A firm Associate for his future Wars :
In Union terrible, they seize the Prey,
The Mountains tremble, and the Woods obey,
In Peace united, as in War combin'd,
Were *Jonathan's*, and *Saul's* Affections join'd,
Paternal Grace with filial Duty vy'd,
And Love the Knot of Nature closer ty'd.
Ev'n Fate relents, reveres the sacred Band,
And undivided bids their Friendship stand.

From Earth to Heav'n enlarg'd, their Joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter still, they shine above,
Blest in a long Eternity of Love.

Daughters of *Israel*, o'er the Royal Urn
Wail and lament; the King, the Father, mourn.
Oh! now at least indulge a pious Woe,
'Tis all the Dead receive, the Living can bestow.
Cast off your rich Attire, and proud Array,
Let undissembled Sorrows cloud the Day:
Those Ornaments victorious *Saul* bestow'd,
With Gold your Necks, your Robes with Purple
glow'd:

Quit Crowns, and Garlands, for the fable Weed,
To Songs of Triumph let dumb Grief succeed,
Let all our grateful Hearts for our dead Patron bleed.
How are the Mighty fallen!

Tho' thus distress'd, tho' thus o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Light is the Burthen that admits Relief;
My lab'ring Soul superiour Woes oppress,
Nor rolling Time can heal, nor Fate redress.
Another *Saul* your Sorrows can remove,
No second *Jonathan* shall bless my Love.

O *Jonathan* ! my Friend, my Brother dear,
Eyes stream afresh, and call forth ev'ry Tear :
Swell my sad Heart, each fault'ring Pulse beat low,
Down sink my Head beneath this Weight of Woe :
Hear my Laments, ye Hills ! ye Woods return
My ceaseless Groans ; with me ye Turtles mourn !
How pleasant hast thou been ! each lovely Grace,
Each youthful Charm fate blooming on thy Face :
Joy from thine Eyes in radiant Glories sprung,
And Manna dropt from thy persuasive Tongue.

Witness great Heav'n! (from you those Ardours
came)

How wonderful his Love! the kindest Dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt so warm a Flame.

No Earthly Passion to such Height aspires,
'And Seraphs only burn with purer Fires.

In vain, while Honour calls to glorious Arms,
'And *Israel's* Cause the pious Patriot warms:

In vain, while Deaths promiscuous fly below,
Nor Youth can bribe, nor Virtue ward the Blow.





*To a young Lady, with the Iliad
of Homer translated.*

GO (happy Volume) to the Fair impart
The secret Wishes of a wounded Heart:
Kind Advocate ! exert thy utmost Zeal,
Describe my Passion, and my Woes reveal.
Oft shalt thou kiss that Hand where Roses bloom,
And the white Lilly breathes its rich Perfume ;
On thee her Eyes shall shine, thy Leaves employ
Each Faculty, and sooth her Soul with Joy.
Watch the soft Hour, when peaceful Silence reigns,
And *Philomel* alone like me complains.

When envious Prudes no longer haunt the Fair,
But end a Day of Calumny in Pray'r:

O'er *Quarles* or *Bunyan* nod, in Dreams relent,
Without disguise give all their Passions vent,
And mourn their wither'd Charms, and youthful
Prime mispent.

Then by the waxen Tapers glim'ring Light,
With thee the studious Maid shall pass the Night;
Shall feel her Heart beat quick in ev'ry Page,
And tremble at the stern *Pelides*' Rage:
With Horror view the half-drawn Blade appear,
And the desponding Tyrant pale with Fear;
To calm that Soul untame'd sage *Nestor* fails,
And ev'n Celestial Wisdom scarce prevails,
Then lead her to the Margin of the Main,
And let her hear th' impatient Chief complain;
Toss'd with superior Storms, on the bleak Shores
He lies, and louder than the Billows roars.

Next the dread Scene unfold of War and Blood,
Hector in Arms triumphant, *Greece* subdu'd;
The partial Gods who with their Foes conspire,
The Dead, the Dying, and the Fleet on fire,
But tell, oh ! tell, the Cause of all this Woe,
The fatal Source from whence these Mischiefs flow ;
Tell her 'twas Love deny'd the Hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom most his Heart desir'd,
Not the dire Vengeance of the thund'ring *Jove*,
Can match the boundless Rage of injur'd Love.
Stop the fierce Torrent, and its Billows rise,
Lay waste the Shores, invade both Earth and
Skies :

Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the smiling Plains below,
And everlasting Sweets upon its Borders grow.

To

To *Troy's* proud Walls the wond'ring Maid
convey,

With pointed Spires, and golden Turrets gay,
The Work of Gods: thence let the Fair behold
The Court of *Priam* rich in Gems and Gold;
His num'rous Sons, his Queen's Majestick Pride,
Th' aspiring Domes, th' Apartments stretching
wide,

Where on their Looms *Sidonian* Virgins wrought,
And weav'd the Battels which their Lovers fought.
Here let her Eyes survey those fatal Charms,
The beauteous Prize that set the World in Arms;
Thro' gazing Crouds, bright Progeny of *Jove*,
She walks, and ev'ry panting Heart beats Love.
Ev'n sapless Age new blossoms at the sight,
And views the Fair Destroyer with delight:

Beauty's vast Pow'r, hence to the Nymph make
known,
In *Helen's* Triumphs let her read her own;
Nor blame her Slaves, but lay the Guilt on Fate,
And pardon Failings which her Charms create.

Rash Bard! forbear, nor let thy flatt'ring Muse,
With pleasing Visions, thy fond Heart abuse;
Vain are thy Hopes presumptuous, vain thy Pray'r,
Bright is her Image, and divinely Fair;
But oh! the Goddess in thy Arms is fleeting Air.
So dreams th' ambitious Man when rich *Tokay*,
Or *Burgundy*, refines his vulgar Clay:
The white Rod trembles in his potent Hand,
And Crouds obsequious wait his high Command;
Upon his Breast he views the radiant Star,
And gives the World around him Peace or War:

In

In State he reigns, for one short, busy Night,
 But soon convinc'd by the next dawning Light,
 Curses the fading Joys that vanish from his
 sight.



Hu-



Hudibras and Milton reconciled.

To Sir ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

*Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient Ruine.*

HOR.

DEAR Knight, how great a Drudge is he
Who wou'd excel in Poetry?

And yet how few have learnt the Art,
To inform the Head, or touch the Heart?

Some, with a dry and barren Brain,

Poor Rogues! like costive Lap-Dogs strain;

While

While others with a Flux of Wit;

The Reader and their Friends best-t.

Wou'd you (Sir Knight) my Judgment know?

He still writes worst * who writes so so.

In this the mighty Secret lies,

To Elevate, and to Surprise:

Thus far my Pen at random run,

The Fire was out, the Clock struck One.

When lo! strange hollow Murmurs from with-
out,

Invade my Ears. In ev'ry Quarter rous'd,

The warring Winds rush from their rocky Caves

Tumultuous; the Vapours dank, or dry,

Beneath their Standards rang'd, with low'ring

Front

* ——— Mediocribus esse Poetis

Non Dii non Homines, &c.

Darken

Darken the Welkin. At each dreadful Shock
Oaks, Pines, and Elms, down to their Mother
Earth

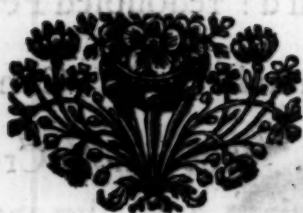
Bend low their suppliant Heads; The nodding
Tow'rs

Menace Destruction, and *old *Edrick's* House
From its Foundation shakes. The bellying Clouds
Burst into Rain, or gild their sable Skirts
With Flakes of ruddy Fire; Fierce Elements
In Ruin reconcil'd! redoubled Peals
Of ceaseless Thunder roar. Convulsions rend
The Firmament. The whole Creation stands
Mute, and appall'd, and trembling waits its Doom.

And now perhaps (dear Friend) you wonder
In this dread Scene of Wind, Rain, Thunder,

* Call'd *Edston*, alias *Edrickston*, from one *Edrick* the
Saxon Proprietor.

What a poor guilty Wretch cou'd do;
 Then hear, (for, Faith, I tell you true)
 I piss'd, thrice shook my giddy Head,
 Let a great F——t, and went to Bed.



Upon



Upon MIRANDA's leaving
the Country.

I.

THE Sun departing hides his Head,
The Lilly, and the Rose are dead,
The Birds forget to sing;
The cooing Turtles now no more
Repeat their am'rous Ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching Spring.

H

2

2.

For soon the merry Month of *May*

Restores the bright all-cheering Ray ;

Soft Notes charm ev'ry Grove :

The Flow'rs ambrosial Incense breathe,

And all above, and all beneath,

Is Fragrance, Joy, and Love.

3.

So when *Miranda* hence retires,

Each Shepherd only not expires :

How rueful is the Scene !

How the dull Moments creep along !

No sportive Dance, no rural Song,

No Gambols on the Green.

40

Yet, when the radiant Nymph appears,
Each Field its richest Liv'ry wears,
All Nature's blithe and gay;
The Swains transported with Delight,
After a long and gloomy Night,
Bless the reviving Day.

50

While thus, indulgent to our Pray'r
Kind Heav'n permitted us to share
A Blessing so Divine;
While smiling Hope gave some Relief,
And Joys alternate sooth'd our Grief,
What Shepherd cou'd repine?

6.

But now——her fatal Loss we mourn,

Never, oh! never to return

To these deserted Plains;

Undone, abandon'd to Despair,

Alas! 'tis Winter all the Year

To us unhappy Swain

7.

Ye little Loves lament around,

With empty Quivers strew the Ground,

Your Bows unbent lay down;

Harmless your Wounds, pointless your Darts,

And frail your Empire o'er our Hearts,

Till she your Triumphs crown.

8.

Ye Nymphs, ye Fawns, complaining sigh ;

Ye Graces, let your Tresses fly,

The Sport of ev'ry Wind :

Ye mimick Ecchoes tell the Woods,

Repeat it to the murm'ring Floods,

She's gone ! she's gone ! unkind !

Break, Shepherds, break each tuneless Reed,

Let all your Flocks at random feed,

Each flow'ry Garland tear ;

Since Wit, and Beauty, quit the Plain,

Past Pleasures but enhance our Pain,

And Life's not worth our Care,



To PHILLIS.

TH O' close immur'd, poor Captive Maid!
 Young *Danaë* play'd a Wanton's part;
 The Gold that in her Lap was laid,
 Soon found a Passage to her Heart.

Ambitious *Semele* beguil'd
 By *Juno's* unrelenting Hate,
 Amid the bright Destruction smil'd,
 Enjoy'd her God, and dy'd in state.

3.

The Swan on *Leda's* whiter Breast,
Artful Deceiver! nestling lay,
With Joy she clasp'd her downy Guest,
Fond of a Bird so soft, and gay.

4.

What Boon can faithful Merit share,
Where Int'rest reigns, or Pride, or Show?
'Tis the rich Banker wins the Fair,
The Garter'd Knight, or Feather'd Beau.

5.

No more my panting Heart shall beat,
Nor *Phillis* claim one parting Groan;
Her Tears, her Vows, are all a Cheat,
For Woman loves herself alone.



To the Right Honourable the
Earl of HALIFAX,
With the Fable of the Two Springs.

O *Halifax !* a Name for ever dear
To *Phæbus*, and which all the Nine revere;
Accept this humble Pledge of my Esteem,
So justly thine, *Benevolence* my Theme.

In mystick Tales, and Parables, of old
Grave Eastern Seers instructive Lessons told;
Wise *Greece* from them receiv'd the happy Plan,
And taught the Brute to pedagogue the Man.

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. 105

The Matron Truth appears with better Grace,
When well-wrought Fables veil her rev'rend Face :
Dry Precept may instruct, but can't delight,
While pleasing Fictions all our Pow'rs excite.
Our busy Minds each Faculty employ,
And range around, and start their Game with Joy ;
Pleas'd with the Chace, make the rich Prey their
own,
And glory in the Conquests they have won.
Fable alone can crown the Poet's Brow,
Upon his Works immortal Charms bestow :
And 'twere a Sin that Method to disprove,
Which * Heav'n has fix'd by Sanctions from above.
My humble Muse in calm Retirement roves
Near mossy Fountains, and near shady Groves :
Yet even there, her loyal Hands wou'd raise
Some rural Trophy to her Monarch's Praise ;

* The Parables in Sacred Writ.

Instruct those Fountains and those Groves to show,
 What copious Blessings from his Bounty flow;
 While Flow'rs, and Shrubs, bless his propitious Aid,
 His Urn refreshing, or protecting Shade.

Great Friend of Human Kind! thy pious Hand
 Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.

Let haughty Tyrants of false Glory dream,
 Without Remorse pursue the bloody Scheme;

To Fame forbidden tread the lawless Way,
 And o'er the ravag'd World extend their Sway:

'Tis thine (Great GEORGE) to guard thy fav'rite Isle
 From open Force, and ev'ry secret Wile,
 To raise th' Oppress'd, to make the * Captives
 smile;

To pay just Heav'n what righteous Monarchs owe,
 And like that Heav'n, to bless the World below:

* The Slaves redeem'd by the King.

To build new Temples, to repair the old,
To bring the straggling Sheep into the Fold,
And by wise Laws restore an Age of Gold.
Ye blisful Seats * where *Tame* and *Isis* join,
Lovely Retirement of the sacred Nine,
Parent of Arts, and once my sweet Abode,
Can ye forget the Blessings he bestow'd?
Can Sophistry prevail against that Prince,
Whose Mercy and Beneficence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful String, let ev'ry Muse
From all her Stores her noblest *Pæans* chuse;
Pay what she can in tributary Lays,
And to his Virtue grant Supplies of Praise.
To all the World your grateful Hearts make known,
And in your Monarch's Fame record your own.
His Fame——which Envy's Breath can never blast,
But Ages yet to come shall join the past,
And *Brunswick's* Glory with the World shall last.

* In the Neighbourhood of *Oxford*.



A Song for the Lute.

Gently, my Lute, move ev'ry String,
Soft as my Sighs, reveal my Pain ;
While I, in plaintive Numbers sing,
Of, slighted Vows, and cold Disdain.

2.

In vain her Airs, in vain her Art,
In vain she frowns when I appear ;
Thy Notes shall melt her frozen Heart,
She cannot Hate, if she can Hear.

3.

And see the smiles ! thro' all the Groves
Triumphant *Iö-Pæans* sound ;
Clap all your Wings, ye little Loves,
Ye sportive Graces dance around.

4.

Ye lift'ning Oaks, bend to my Song ;
Not *Orpheus* play'd a nobler Lay :
Ye Savages, about me throng,
Ye Rocks, and harder Hearts obey.

5.

She comes, she comes, relenting Fair !
To fill with Joy my longing Arms ;
What faithful Lover can despair,
Who thus with Verse, and Musick, charms?

The



The COQUET.

I.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel Fair,
 And almost mad with wild Despair,
 My fleeting Spirits rove;
 One cordial Glance restores her Slave,
 Redeems me from the gaping Grave,
 And sooths my Soul to Love.

2.

Thus in a Sea of Doubt I'm toss'd,
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the Coast;
 What Wretch can long endure

Such

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. III

Such odd, perplexing Pangs as these,

When neither mortal the Disease,

Nor yet compleat the Cure?

Proud Tyrant! since to save, or kill,

Depends on thy capricious Will,

This milder Sentence give;

Reverse my strange, untoward Fate,

Oh! let me perish by thy Hate,

Or by thy Kindness live.





The Superannuated Lover.

DEAD to the soft Delights of Love,
Spare me, O! spare me, cruel Boy;

Nor seek in vain that Heart to move,

Which pants no more with am'rous Joy.

Of old thy faithful hardy Swain,

(When smit with fair *Pastora's* Charms)

I serv'd thee many a long Campaign,

And wide I spread thy conqu'ring Arms.

Now (mighty God) dismiss thy Slave,

To feeble Age let Youth succeed;

Translations, Fables, Tales, &c. 113

Recruit among the Strong, and Brave,

And kindly spare an Invalid.

Adieu fond Hopes, fantastick Cares,

Ye killing Joys, ye pleasing Pains,

My Soul for better Guests prepares,

Reason restor'd, and Virtue reigns.

But why (my *Cloe*) tell me why?

Why trickles down this silent Tear?

Why do these Blushes rise, and die?

Why stand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n Sleep affords my Soul no rest,

Thee bathing in the Stream I view;

With thee I dance, with thee I feast,

Thee thro' the gloomy Grove pursue.

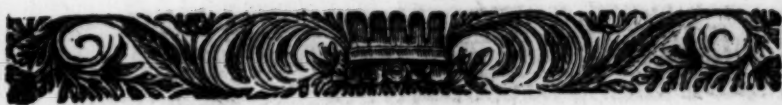
Triumphant God of gay Desires!

Thy Vassal's raging Pains remove;

I burn, I burn, with fiercer Fires,

Oh! take my Life, or crown my Love.





Advice to the Ladies.

I.

WHO now regards *Chloris*, her Tears, and her
Whining,

Her Sighs, and fond Wishes, and aukward Repining?
What a pother is here, with her am'rous Glances,
Soft Fragments of *Ovid*, and Scraps of Romances?

A nice Prude at fifteen! and a Romp in decay!
Cold *December* affects the sweet Blossoms of *May*;
To fawn in her Dotage, and in her Bloom spurn us,
Is to quench Love's Torch, and with Touchwood to
burn us.

Believe me (dear Maids) there's no way of evading,
 While ye pish, and cry nay, your Roses are fading :
 Tho' your Passion survive, your Beauty will dwindle,
 And our dying Embers can never rekindle.

4.

When bright in your Zeniths we prostrate before ye,
 When ye set in a Cloud, what Fool will adore ye?
 Then ye Fair be advis'd, and snatch the kind Blessing,
 And shew your good Conduct by timely Possessing.





ANACREONTICK,
To CLOE Drinking.

WHEN (my dear *Cloe*) you resign
One happy Hour to Mirth and Wine,
Each Glass you drink still paints your Face
With some new victorious Grace :
Charms in reserve my Soul surprize,
And by fresh Wounds your Lover dies.
Who can resist thee, lovely Fair!
That Wit! that soft engaging Air!
Each panting Heart its Homage pays,
And all the Vassal World obeys.
God of the Grape, boast now no more
Thy Triumphs on far *Indus*' Shore :

118 Occasional Poems

Each useleſs Weapon now lay down,

Thy Tygers, Carr, and Ivy Crown;

Give but this Juice in full Supplies,

And truſt thy Fame to Cloe's Eyes.





To a Discarded Toast.

CELIA, confess 'tis all in vain,
To patch the Ruins of thy Face ;
Nor of ill-natur'd Time complain,
That robs it of each blooming Grace.

If Love no more shall bend his Bow,
Nor point his Arrows from thine Eye,
If no lace'd Fop, nor feather'd Beau,
Despairing at thy Feet shall die :

Yet still (my Charmer) Wit like thine
Shall triumph over Age and Fate ;
Thy setting Beams with Lustre shine,
And rival their Meridian Height,

Beauty, fair Flow'r! soon fades away,
And transient are the Joys of Love;
But Wit, and Virtue, ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and blest'd above.





The Perjured Mistress.

From Horace, Epod. 15. ad Neæram.

TWAS Night, and Heav'n intent with all
its Eyes

Gaz'd on the dear deceitful Maid;

A thousand pretty things she said,

A thousand artful Tricks she play'd,

From me, deluded me, her Falshood to disguise.

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling Arms,

She press'd her glowing Cheek to mine,

The clinging Ivy, or the curling Vine,

Did never yet so closely twine;

Who cou'd be Man, and bear the Lustre of her
Charms?

And

And thus she swore : By all the Pow'rs above,
When Winter Storms shall cease to roar,
When Summer Suns shall shine no more,
When Wolves their Cruelty give o'er,
Neera then, and not till then, shall cease to love.

Ah ! false *Neera* ! perjur'd Fair ! but know,
I have a Soul too great to bear
A Rival's proud insulting Air,
Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful Nymph ! and far more just than
you.

Should'st thou repent, and at my Feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former Follies mourn,
Thy proffer'd Passion I wou'd scorn :
The Gods shall do me right on that devoted Head.

And

And you, spruce Sir, who insolently gay,
Exulting laugh at my Disgrace,
Boast with vain Airs, and stiff Grimace,
Your large Estate, your handsome Face,
Proud of a fleeting Bliss, the Pageant of a Day :
You too shall soon repent this haughty Scorn ;
When sickle as the Sea or Wind,
The Prostitute shall change her Mind,
To such another Coxcomb kind ;
Then shall I clap my Wings, and triumph in my turn,





*To a young Lady, who spent the
Night in Tears, upon a Report
that her Brother was to fight a Duel
the next Morning.*

PASTORA weeps, let every Lover mourn,
Her Grief is no less fatal than her Scorn:
Those shining Orbs inflict an equal Pain,
O'er-flown with Tears, or pointed with Disdain.
When Doubts, and Fears invade that tender Breast,
Where Peace, and Joy, and Love shou'd ever rest;
As Flow'rs depriv'd of the Sun's genial Ray,
Earthward we bend, and silently decay;
In spite of all Philosophy can do,
Our Hearts relent, the bursting Torrents flow,
We feel her Pains, and propagate her Woe.

Each

Each mournful Muse laments the weeping Fair,
The Graces all their comely Tresses tear,
Love drags his Wings, and droops his little Head,
And *Venus* mourns as for *Adonis* dead.

Patience (dear Maid) nor without Cause complain,
O lavish not those precious Drops in vain :
Under the Shield of your prevailing Charms,
Your happy Brother lives secure from Harms,
Your bright Resemblance all my Rage disarms.
Your Influence unable to withstand,
The conscious Steel drops from my trembling Hand ;
Low at your Feet the guilty Weapon lies,
The Foe repents, and the fond Lover dies.

Aeneas thus by Men and Gods pursu'd,
Feeble with Wounds, defil'd with Dust and Blood,
Beauty's bright Goddess interpos'd her Charms,
And sav'd the Hopes of *Troy* from *Grecian* Arms.

*To Doctor M—— reading
Mathematicks.*

VAIN our Pursuits of Knowledge, vain our
Care,
The Cost, and Labour, we may justly spare.
Death from this coarse Alloy refines the Mind,
Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
All Science opens to our wond'ring Eyes,
And the good Man is in a Moment Wise.



From



From Martial. Epig. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatioorem.

WOU'D you (my Friend) find out the true
Receipt,

To live at Ease, and stem the Tide of Fate;

The grand *Elixir* thus you must infuse,

And these Ingredients to be happy chuse:

First an Estate, not got with Toil, and Sweat,

But unincumber'd left, and free from Debt:

For let that be your dull Forefather's Care,

To pinch, and drudge for his deserving Heir;

Fruitful, and rich, in Land that's sound and good,

That fills your Barns with Corn, your Hearth with

Wood;

That

That Cold, nor Hunger may your House infest,
While Flames invade the Skies, and Pudding crowns
the Feast.

A quiet Mind, serene, and free from Care,
Nor puzzling on the Bench, nor noisy at the Bar;
A Body sound, that Physick cannot mend;

And the best Physick of the Mind, a Friend,
Equal in Birth, in Humour, and in Place,

Thy other Self, distinguish'd but by Face;
Whose sympathetick Soul takes equal Share
Of all thy Pleasure, and of all thy Care.

A modest Board, adorn'd with Men of Sense,
No *French* Ragouts, nor *French* Impertinence.

A merry Bottle to engender Wit,

Not over-dose'd, but *Quantum sufficit*:

Equal the Error is in each Excess,

Nor Dulness less a Sin, than Drunkenness.

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A tender Wife dissolving by thy side,
Easy, and chaste, free from Debate and Pride,
Each Day a Mistress, and each Night a Bride.
Sleep undisturb'd, and at the Dawn of Day,
The merry Horn, that chides thy tedious Stay;
A Horse that's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,
And Dogs that make the echoing Cliffs resound;
That sweep the dewy Plains, out-fly the Wind,
And leave domestick Sorrows far behind.
Pleas'd with thy present Lot, nor grudging at the past,
Not fearing when thy Time shall come, nor hoping
for thy last.





*To a Gentleman, who married
his Cast Mistress.*

*From the Ninth Ode of the Third Book
of HORACE.*

D. **W**Hile I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and transported with your
Charms,

I envy'd not the *Persian* Throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your Arms.

B. While you were true, nor *Suky* fair
Had chac'd poor *Bruny* from your Breast;
Not *Ilia* could with me compare,
So fame'd, or so divinely blest.

D.

D. In *Suky's* Arms entranc'd I lie,
So sweetly sings the warbling Fair!
For whom most willingly I'd die,
Wou'd Fate the gentle Syren spare.

B. Me *Billy* burns with mutual Fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better Part, survive.

D. Shou'd I once more my Heart resign,
Wou'd you the Penitent receive?
Wou'd *Suky* scorn'd atone my Crime?
And wou'd my *Bruny* own her Slave?

B. Tho' brighter he than blazing Star,
More fickle thou than Wind, or Sea,
With thee my kind returning Dear
I'd live, content to die with thee.



A Dainty New BALLAD:

*Occasioned by a Clergyman's Widow of
Seventy Years of Age, being married
to a young Exciseman.*

I.

THERE liv'd in our good Town,
A Relict of the Gown,
A chaste, and humble Dame ;
Who when her Man of God
Was cold as any Clod,
Dropt many a Tear in vain.

2.

But now good People learn all,
No Grief can be eternal,
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That Folks shou'd always whimper,
There is a time to simper,
As quickly shall be seen.

3.

For Love that little Urchin,
About this Widow lurching,
Had slyly fix'd his Dart ;
The silent creeping Flame,
Boil'd fore in ev'ry Vein,
And glow'd about her Heart.

4.

So when a Pipe we smoke,
And from the Flint provoke,
The Sparks that twinkling play ;

The Touchwood old and dry,
With Heat begins to fry,
And gently wastes away.

5.

With Art she patch'd up Nature,
Reforming ev'ry Feature,
Restoring ev'ry Grace:
To gratify her Pride,
She stopp'd each Cranny wide,
And painted o'er her Face.

6.

Nor Red, nor eke the White,
Was wanting to invite,
Nor Coral Lips that pout;
But oh! in vain she tries,
With Darts to arm those Eyes
That dimly squint about.

7.

7.

With Order, and with Care,
Her Pyramid of Hair
 Sublimely mounts the Sky ;
And that she might prevail,
She bolster'd up her Tail,
 With Rumps three Storys high.

8.

With many a rich Perfume,
She purify'd her Room,
 As there was need, no doubt ;
For on these warm Occasions,
Offensive Exhalations
 Are apt to fly about.

9.

On Beds of Roses lying,
Expecting, wishing, dying,
 Thus languish'd for her Love,

The *Cyprian* Queen of old,
As merry Bards have told,
All in a Myrtle Grove.

10.

In Pale of Mother Church
She fondly hope'd to lurch,
But aye me! hope'd in vain;
No Doctor cou'd be found,
Who this her Case profound,
Durst venture to explain.

11.

At length a Youth full smart,
Who oft by Magick Art
Had div'd in many a Hole;
Or Kilderkin, or Tun,
Or Hoghead, 'twas all one,
He'd found it with his Pole.

12.

His Art, and eke his Face,
So suited to her Case,
Engag'd her Love-sick Heart ;
Quoth she, my pretty Diver,
With thee I'll live for ever,
And from thee never part.

13.

For thee my Bloom reviving,
For thee fresh Charms arising,
Shall melt thee into Joy,
Nor doubt, my pretty Sweeting,
E'er nine Months are compleating,
To see a bonny Boy.

14.

As ye have seen, no doubt,
A Candle when just out,
In Flames break forth agen ;
So shone this Widow bright,
All blazing in despight
Of Threescore Years and Ten.



Canidia's Epithalamium.

Upon the same.

TIME as malevolent, as old,
To blast *Canidia's* Face,
(Which once 'twas Rapture to behold)
With Wrinkles, and Disgrace.

Not so in blooming Beauty bright,
Each envying Virgin's Pattern,
She reign'd with undisputed Right
A * Priestess of St. *Cattern*.

* She was Bar-Keeper at the *Cattern-Wheel* in *Oxford*.

Each

Each sprightly Soph, each brawny Thrum,
Spent his first Runnings here;
And hoary Doctors dribbling come,
To languish, and despair.

Low at her Feet the prostrate Arts,
Their humble Homage pay;
To her the Tyrant of their Hearts,
Each Bard directs his Lay.

But now when impotent to please,
Alas! she wou'd be doing;
Reversing Nature's wise Decrees,
She goes herself a wooing.

Tho' bribe'd with all her Pelf, the Swain
Most awkwardly complies;

Prefsd

Press'd to bear Arms, he serves in Pain,
Or from his Colours flies.

So does an Ivy, green when old,
And sprouting in decay;
In juiceless, joyless Arms infold
A Sapling young and gay.

The thriving Plant, if better join'd,
Wou'd emulate the Skies;
But to that wither'd Trunk confin'd,
Grows sickly, pines, and dies.





HUNTING-SONG.

I.

BEhold (my Friend) the Rosy-finger'd Morn
With Blushes on her Face,
Peeps o'er yon azure Hill ;
Rich Gems the Trees enchase,
Pearls from each Bush distill,
Arise, arise, and hail the Light new-born.

2.

Hark ! hark ! the merry Horn calls, come away :
Quit, quit thy downy Bed ;
Break from *Amynta's* Arms ;

Oh !

Oh ! let it ne'er be said,
That all, that all her Charms,
Tho' she's as *Venus* fair, can tempt thy Stay.

3.

Perplex thy Soul no more with Cares below,
For what will Pelf avail ?
Thy Courser paws the Ground,
Each Beagle cocks his Tail,
They spend their Mouths around,
While Health, and Pleasure, smiles on ev'ry Brow.

4.

Try Huntsmen all the Brakes, spread all the Plain,
Now, now, she's gone away,
Strip, strip, with speed pursue ;
The jocund God of Day,
Who fain our Sport wou'd view,
See, see, he flogs his fiery Steeds in vain.

5.

Pour down, like a Flood from the Hills, brave Boys,
On the Wings of the Wind
The merry Beagles fly ;
Dull Sorrow lags behind :
Ye shrill Ecchoes reply,
Catch each flying Sound, and double our Joys.

6.

Ye Rocks, Woods, and Caves our Musick repeat,
The bright Spheres thus above,
A gay refulgent Train,
Harmoniously move,
O'er yon celestial Plain
Like us whirl along, in Concert so sweet.

7.

Now Pufs threads the Brakes, and heavily flies,
At the Head of the Pack
Old *Fidler* bears the Bell,

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Foyl he hunts back,
And aloud rings her Knell;
'Till forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies.

8.

In Life's dull Round thus we toil, and we sweat;
Diseases, Grief, and Pain,
An implacable Crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,
'Till quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

9.

This Moment is ours, come live while ye may,
What's decreed by dark Fate,
Is not in our own Pow'r,
Since To-morrow's too late,
Take the present kind Hour;
With Wine chear the Night, as Sports blefs the Day.



*A Translation of the Tenth
Epistle in Horace.*

*Horace recommends a Country Life, and
dissuades his Friend from Ambition,
and Avarice.*

Health to my Friend lost in the smoky Town,
From him who breathes in Country Air
alone,

In all things else thy Soul and mine are one :
And like two aged long acquainted Doves,
The same our mutual Hate, the same our mutual
Loves ;

Close, and secure, you keep your lazy Nest,
My wand'ring Thoughts won't let my Pinions rest :

L

O'er

O'er Rocks, Seas, Woods, I take my wanton Flight,
And each new Object charms with new Delight.
To say no more (my Friend) I live, and reign,
Lord of myself ; I've broke the servile Chain,
Shook off with Scorn the Trifles you desire,
All the vain empty nothings Fops admire.
Thus the lean Slave of some fat pamper'd Priest,
With greedy Eyes at first views each luxurious Feast;
But quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their Godly Viands, and their Holy Meat :
Wisely ambitious to be free, and poor,
Longs for the homely Scraps he loath'd before.
Seek'st thou a Place where Nature is observ'd,
And cooler Reason may be mildly heard ;
To rural Shades let thy calm Soul retreat,
These are th' *Elysian* Fields, this is the happy Seat,
Proof against Winter's Cold, and Summer's Heat.

Here

Here no invidious Care thy Peace annoys,
Sleep undisturb'd, uninterrupted Joys ;
Your Marble Pavements with disgrace must yield
To each smooth Plain, and gay enamel'd Field :
Your muddy Aquæducts can ne'er compare
With Country Streams, more pure than City Air ;
Our Yew and Bays inclos'd in Pots ye prize,
And mimick little Beauties we despise.
The Rose and Wood-Bine marble Walls support,
Holly and Ivy deck the gaudy Court :
But yet in vain all Shifts the Artist tries,
The discontented Twig but pines away and dies.
The House ye praise that a large Prospect yields,
And view with longing Eyes the Pleasure of the
Fields ;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confess,
Th' inimitable Charms the peaceful Country blefs.

In vain from Nature's Rules we blindly stray,
And push th' uneasy Monitrix away :
Still she returns, nor lets our Conscience rest,
But Night and Day inculcates what is best,
Our truest Friend, tho' an unwelcome Guest.
As soon th' unskilful Fool that's blind enough,
To call rich *Indian* Damask *Norwich* Stuff,
Shall become rich by Trade ; as he be wise,
Whose partial Soul, and undiscerning Eyes,
Can't at first sight, and at each transient View,
Distinguish Good from Bad, or False from True.
He that too high exalts his giddy Head,
When Fortune smiles, if the Jilt frowns, is dead :
Th' aspiring Fool, big with his haughty Boast,
Is the most abject Wretch when all his Hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the World, nor ought admire,
These worthless Toys too fondly we desire ;

Since

Since when the Darling's ravish'd from our Heart,
The Pleasure's over-ballanc'd by the Smart.
Confine thy Thoughts, and bound thy loose De-
sires,

For thrifty Nature no great Cost requires :

A healthful Body, and thy Mistress kind,

An humble Cot, and a more humble Mind.

These once enjoy'd, the World is all thy own,

From thy poor Cell despise the tott'ring Throne,

And wakeful Monarchs in a Bed of Down.

The Stag well arm'd, and with unequal Force,

From fruitful Meadows chac'd the conquer'd Horse,

The haughty Beast that stomach'd the Disgrace,

In meaner Pastures not content to graze,

Receives the Bit, and Man's Assistance prays.

The Conquest gain'd, and many Trophies won,

His false Confed'rate still rode boldly on,

In vain the Beast curs'd his perfidious Aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing cou'd persuade
The Rider from his Back, or Bridle from his Head.
Just so the Wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to content his wild Desires;
Dreading the fatal Thought of being poor,
Loses a Prize worth all his Golden Ore,
The happy Freedom he enjoy'd before.
About him still th' uneasy Load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless Hopes, and curb'd with
anxious Fears.

The Man whose Fortunes fit not to his Mind,
The Way to true Content shall never find;
If the Shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you (my Friend) in calm Contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the Gods shall give;

Let

Let not base shining Pelf thy Mind deprave,
Tyrant of Fools, the wise Man's Drudge and Slave;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from Care,
And nothing covet, but thy Presence here.



*The Miser's Speech :**From the Second Epod of HORACE,**Book 5.*

Happy the Man, who free from Care,
Manures his own paternal Fields,

Content as his wise Fathers were,

T' enjoy the Crop his Labour yields

Nor Usury torments his Breast,

That barter Happiness for Gain,

Nor War's Alarms disturb his Rest,

Nor Hazards of the faithless Main :

Nor at the loud tumult'ous Bar,

With costly Noise, and dear Debate,

Proclaims an everlasting War ;

Nor fawns on Villains basely great.

But

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But for the Vine selects a Spouse,

Chaste Emblem of the Marriage-Bed,

Or prunes the too luxuriant Boughs,

And grafts more happy in their stead.

Or hears the lowing Herds from far,

That fatten on the fruitful Plains,

And ponders with delightful Care,

The Prospect of his future Gains.

Or shears his Sheep that round him graze,

And droop beneath their curling Loads;

Or plunders his laborious Bees,

Of Balmy Nectar, Drink of Gods!

His chearful Head when Autumn rears,

And bending Boughs reward his Pains,

Joyous he plucks the luscious Pears,

The purple Grape his Finger stains.

Each

Each honest Heart's a welcome Guest,
With tempting Fruit his Tables glow,
The Gods are bidden to the Feast,
To share the Blessings they bestow.

Under an Oak's protecting Shade,
In flow'ry Meads profusely Gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful Head,
And gently loiters Life away.

The vocal Streams that murm'ring flow,
Or from their Springs complaining creep,
The Birds that chirp on ev'ry Bough,
Invite his yielding Eyes to sleep.

But when bleak Storms, and low'ring *Jove*,
Now saddens the declining Year,
Thro' ev'ry Thicket, ev'ry Grove,
Swift he pursues the flying Deer.

With

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With deep-hung Hounds he sweeps the Plains,
The Hills, the Valleys smoak around,
The Woods repeat his pleasing Pains,
And Eccho propagates the Sound.

Or push'd by his Victorious Spear,
The grisley Boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing Fear,
Into the Toils, the Monster dies.

His tow'ring Falcon mounts the Skies,
And cuts thro' Clouds his liquid way ;
Or else with fly Deceit he tries
To make the lesser Game his Prey .

Who thus possess'd of solid Joy,
Wou'd Love, that idle Imp, adore ?
Cloe's coquet, *Mertilla's* coy,
And *Phillis* is a perjur'd Whore.

Adieu

Adieu Fantaſtick idle Flame,

Give me a profitable Wife,

A careful, but obliging Dame,

To ſoften all the Toils of Life :

Who ſhall with tender Care provide,

Againſt her weary Spouſe return,

With Plenty ſee his Board ſupply'd,

And make the crackling Billets burn :

And while his Men and Maids repair

To fold his Sheep, to milk his Kine,

With unbought Daintys feaſt her Dear,

And treat him with domeſtick Wine.

I view with pity, and diſdain,

The coſtly Trifles Coxcombs boaſt,

Their *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, *Champeign*,

Tho' ſparkling with the brighteſt Toaſt.

Pleaſ'd

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Pleas'd with sound Manufacture more,
Than all the Stum the Knaves impose,
When the vain Cully treats his Whore,
At *Braun's*, the *Mitre*, or the *Rose*.

Let Fops their sickly Palates please,
With Luxury's expensive Store,
And feast each virulent Disease
With Daintys from a foreign Shore.

I, whom my little Farm supplies,
Richly on Nature's Bounty live ;
The only Happy are the Wife,
Content is all the Gods can give.

While thus on wholesome Cates I feast,
Oh ! with what Rapture I behold
My Flocks in comely order haste
T' enrich with Soil the barren Fold !

The

The languid Ox approaches slow,
To share the Food his Labours earn,
Painful he tugs th' inverted Plough,
Nor Hunger quickens his return.

My wanton Swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling Hearth delight,
To sweeten the laborious Day,
By many a merry Tale at Night.

Thus spoke old *Gripe*, when Bottles three
Of *Burton* Ale, and Sea-coal Fire,
Unlock'd his Breast; resolv'd to be
A gen'rous, honest, Country Squire.

That very Night his Money lent,
On Bond, or Mortgage, he call'd in,
With lawful Use of *Six per Cent*.
Next Morn, he put it out at Ten.



FABLE I.

The Captive Trumpeter.

— *Quo non Præstantior Alter*

Ære ciere Viros Martemq; accendere Cantu, VIR.

A Party of Hussars of late
For Prog, and Plunder, scour'd the Plains,
Some *French Gens d'Armes* surpriz'd, and beat,
And brought their Trumpeter in Chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy Bard
For Quarter begg'd on bended Knee,
Pity, *Messieurs!* In truth 'tis hard
To kill a harmless Enemy.

These

These Hands, of Slaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandish'd the destructive Sword,
To you or yours no hurt I meant,
O take a poor Musician's Word.

But the stern Foe, with gen'rous Rage,
Scoundrel! reply'd, Thou first shalt die,
Who urging others to engage,
From Fame, and Danger, basely fly.

The Brave, by Law of Arms we spare,
Thou by the Hangman shalt expire,
'Tis just, and not at all severe,
To stop the Breath that blew the Fire.





FABLE II.

*The Bald-pated Welchman, and
the Fly.*

—— *Qui non moderabitur Iræ
Insectum volet esse, Dolor quod suaserit & Mens,
Dum Pænas odio per vim festinat inulto. HOR.*

A Squire of *Wales*, whose Blood ran higher,
Than that of any other Squire,
Hasty, and hot ; whose pceevish Honour
Reveng'd each Slight was put upon her,
Upon a Mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian Ray ;
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a Sea at ev'ry Pore :

M

At

At last, such Insults to evade,
Sought the next Tree's protecting Shade ;
Where, as he lay dissolv'd in Sweat,
And wip'd off many a Rivulet,
Off in a pet the Beaver flies,
And flaxen Wigg, Time's best Disguise,
By which, Folks of maturer Ages,
Vie with smooth Beaux, and Ladys Pages :
Tho' 'twas a Secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd Age had cropt his Crown,
Grub'd all the Covert up, and now
A large smooth Plain extends his Brow.
Thus as he lay with Numskul bare,
And courted the refreshing Air,
New Persecutions still appear,
A noisy Fly offends his Ear.
Alas! what Man of Parts, and Sense,
Could bear such vile Impertinence ?

Yet so discourteous is our Fate,
Fools always buz about the Great.
This Insect now, whose active Spight
Teaz'd him with never-ceasing Bite,
With so much Judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in Tierce and Quart :
In vain with open Hands he tries,
To guard his Ears, his Nose, his Eyes ;
For now at last familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his Worship's Crown,
With Teeth, and Claws, his Skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human Gore.
At last, in Manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some Authors tell.
But now what Rhetorick cou'd assuage,
The furious Squire stark mad with Rage ?
Impatient at the foul Disgrace,
From Insect of so mean a Race ;

And plotting Vengeance on his Foe,
 With double Fift he aims a Blow :
 The nimble Fly escap'd by flight,
 And skip'd from this unequal Fight.
 Th' impending Stroke with all its weight
 Fell on his own beloved Pate.
 Thus much he gain'd, by this advent'rous Deed,
 He foul'd his Fingers, and he broke his Head.

M O R A L.

*Let Senates hence learn to preserve their State,
 And scorn the Fool, below their grave Debate,
 Who by th' unequal Strife grows popular, and
 great.*

*Let him buz on, with senseless Rant defy,
 The Wise, the Good; yet still 'tis but a Fly.
 With puny Foes the Toil's not worth the Cost,
 Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:*

Let

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*Let Cranes, and Pigmies, in Mock-War engage,
A Prey beneath the gen'rous Eagle's Rage.
True honour o'er the Clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than Kings.*



M 3

F A-



F A B L E III.

The Ant and the Fly.

*Quem res plus nimio delectavêre secundæ,
Mutat æ quatient.* —

HOR.

TH E careful Ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to supply,
With wholesome Cates, and homely Tares,
His num'rous working Family ;

Upon a Visit met one day
His Cousin Fly, in all his Pride,
A Courtier, insolent, and gay,
By Goody *Maggot* near ally'd :

The

* The humble Insect humbly bow'd,
And all his lowest Congees paid,
Of an Alliance wond'rous proud
To such a huffing tearing Blade.

The haughty Fly, look'd big, and swore
He knew him not, nor whence he came,
Huff'd much, and with Impatience bore
The Scandal of so mean a Claim.

Friend *Clodpate*, know, 'tis not the mode
At Court, to own such Clowns as thee,
Nor is it civil to intrude
On Flies of Rank and Quality.

I——who in Joy and Indolence,
Converse with Monarchs, and Grandees,
Regaling ev'ry nicer Sense
With Oleos, Soups, and Fricassees;

Who kifs each Beauty's balmy Lip,
Or gently buz into her Ear,
About her snowy Bosom skip,
And sometimes creep the Lord knows where.

The Ant, who cou'd no longer bear
His Cousin's Insolence, and Pride,
Tos'd up his Head, and with an Air
Of conscious Worth, he thus reply'd;

Vain Insect know, the time will come,
When the Court-Sun no more shall shine,
When Frosts thy gaudy Limbs benumb,
And Damps about thy Wings shall twine;

When some dark nasty Hole shall hide,
And cover thy neglected Head,
When all this lofty swelling Pride
Shall burst, and shrink into a Shade:

Take

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Take heed, lest Fortune change the Scene,
Some of thy Brethren I remember,
In *June* have mighty Princes been,
But begg'd their Bread before *December*.

M O R A L.

*This precious Offspring of a T——d
Is first a Pimp, and then a Lord;
Ambitious to be Great, not Good,
Forgets his own dear Flesh and Blood.
Blind Goddess! who delight'st in Joke,
O fix him on thy lowest Spoke;
And since the Scoundrel is so vain,
Reduce him to a T——d again.*



FABLE IV.

The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape.

Clodius accusat Mæchos, Catilina Cethegum.

JUV.

THE Wolf impeach'd the Fox of Theft,
 The Fox the Charge deny'd ;
 To the grave Ape the Case was left,
 In Justice to decide.

Wise Pug, with comely Buttocks fate,
 And nodded o'er the Laws,
 Distinguish'd well thro' the Debate,
 And thus adjudg'd the Cause :

The

The Goods are stole, but not from thee,

Two pickled Rogues well met,

Thou shalt be hang'd for Perjury,

He for an errant Cheat.

M O R A L.

Hang both, judicious Brute, 'twas bravely said,

May Villains always to their Ruin plead :

When Knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,

There's nothing like the reconciling Noose.

O Hemp! the noblest Gift propitious Heav'n

To Mortals with a bounteous Hand has giv'n,

To stop malicious Breath, to end Debate,

To prop the shaking Throne, and purge the State.



FABLE V.
The Dog and the Bear.

— *Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi,
 Seditioe, Dolis, Scelere, atq; Libidine & Irâ
 Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, & extra.*

H O R.

Towser of right *Hockleian* Sire,
 A Dog of Mettle, and of Fire,
 With *Ursin* grim, an errant Bear,
 Maintain'd a long and dubious War :
 Oft *Ursin* on his Back was tost,
 And *Towser* many a Collop lost ;
 Capricious Fortune would declare,
 Now for the Dog, then for the Bear.
 Thus having try'd their Courage fairly,
 Brave *Ursin* first desir'd a Parly ;

Stout

Stout Combatant (quoth he) whose Might
I've felt in many a bloody Fight,
Tell me the cause of all this pother?
And why we worry one another?
That's a moot Point, the Cur reply'd,
Our Masters only can decide,
While thee and I our Hearts-Blood spill,
They prudently their Pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a Penny by the Fight.
If that's the case, return'd the Bear,
'Tis time at last to end the War;
Thou keep thy Teeth, and I my Claws,
To combat in a nobler Cause;
Sleep in a whole Skin, I advise,
And let them bleed, who gain the Prize.

M O R A L.

*Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The Butcher and the Bear-ward pocket all.*



FABLE VI.

*The Wounded Man, and the
Swarm of Flies.**E malis minimum*——

SQuallid with Wounds, and many a gaping Sore,
A wretched *Lazar* lay distress'd;
A Swarm of Flies his bleeding Ulcers tore,
And on his putrid Carcass feast.

A courteous Traveller, who pass'd that way,
And saw the vile *Harpeian* Brood,
Offer'd his Help the monstrous Crew to slay,
That rioted on human Blood.

Ah!

Ah ! gentle Sir, th' unhappy Wretch reply'd,
Your well-meant Charity refrain ;
The angry Gods have that Redress deny'd,
Your Goodness wou'd increase my Pain.

Fat, and full-fed, and with Abundance cloy'd,
But now and then these Tyrants feed ;
But were, alas ! this pamper'd Brood destroy'd,
The Lean, and Hungry, wou'd succeed.

M O R A L.

*The Body Politick must soon decay,
When Swarms of Insects on its Vitals prey ;
When Blood-Suckers of State, a greedy Brood,
Feast on our Wounds, and fatten with our Blood.
What must we do in this severe Distress ?
Come, Doctor, give the Patient some Redress :
The Quacks in Politicks a Change advise,
But cooler Counsels shou'd direct the Wise.*

'Tis

*'Tis hard indeed ; but better this, than worse ;
Mistaken Blessings prove the greatest Curse.
Alas ! what wou'd our bleeding Country gain,
If when this vip'rous Brood at last is slain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again ;
Seizes the Prey with more voracious Bite,
To satisfy his hungry Appetite ?*





FABLE VII.

The Wolf and the Dog.

*Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæq; extrema, Triumphum
Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
Scandere Pompeij, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.*

LUC.

A Proling Wolf that scour'd the Plains,
To ease his Hunger's griping Pains;
Ragged as Courtier in disgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case;
By chance a well-fed Dog espy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly salutes the Cur,
How do you, Cuz? Your Servant, Sir!

O happy Friend ! how gay thy Mien !
How plump thy Sides, how sleek thy Skin !
Triumphant Plenty shines all o'er,
And the Fat melts at ev'ry Pore !
While I, alas ! decay'd, and old,
With Hunger pine'd, and stiff with Cold,
With many a Howl, and hideous Groan,
Tell the relentless Woods my Moan.
Pr'ythee (my happy Friend !) impart
Thy wond'rous, cunning, thriving Art.
Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a Friend,
But first thy surly Manners mend ;
Be complaisant, obliging, kind,
And leave the Wolf for once behind.
The Wolf, whose Mouth begun to water,
With Joy and Rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the Dog ; At Bed, and Board,
I share the Plenty of my Lord ;

From

From ev'ry Guest I claim a Fee,
Who court my Lord by bribing me :
In Mirth I revel all the Day,
And many a Game at Romps I play :
I fetch and carry, leap o'er Sticks,
And twenty such diverting Tricks.
'Tis pretty, faith, the Wolf reply'd,
And on his Neck the Collar spy'd:
He starts, and without more ado,
He bids the abject Wretch adieu :
Enjoy your Daintys, Friend, to me
The noblest Feast is Liberty.

The famish'd Wolf upon these desert Plains,
Is happier than a fawning Cur in Chains.

M O R A L.

*Thus bravely spoke the Nurse of ancient Rome,
Thus the starv'd Swiss, and hungry Grisons roam,
On barren Hills, clad with eternal Snow,
And look with Scorn on the prim Slaves below.*

*Thus Cato scape'd by Death the Tyrant's Chains,
And walks unshackled in th' Elysian Plains.*

*Thus, Britons, thus, your great Forefathers stood
For Liberty, and fought in Seas of Blood.*

*To barren Rocks, and gloomy Woods confin'd,
Their Virtues by Necessity refin'd,*

*Nor Cold, nor Want, nor Death, cou'd shake their
steady Mind.*

No saucy Druid then durst cry aloud,

And with his slavish Cant debauch the Croud :

No passive Legions in a Scoundrel's Cause

Pillage a City, and affront the Laws.

The State was quiet, happy, and serene,

For Boadicea was the Britons Queen ;

Her Subjects their just Liberties maintain'd,

*And in her Peoples Hearts, the happy Monarch
reign'd.*





FABLE VIII.

The Oyster.

— *In jus*

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.

HOR.

TWO Comrades (as grave Authors say)

(But in what Chapter, Page, or Line,

Ye Criticks, if ye please, define)

Had found an Oyster in their way.

Contest, and foul Debate arose,

Both view'd at once with greedy Eyes,

Both challeng'd the delicious Prize,

And high Words soon improv'd to Blows.

Actions on Actions hence succeed,
Each Hero's obstinately stout,
Green Bags and Parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and Counsel fee'd.

The Parson of the Place, good Man !
Whose kind, and charitable Heart,
In human Ills still bore a Part,
Thrice shook his Head, and thus began.

Neighbours, and Friends, refer to me
This doughty Matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important Suit,
And finish all without a Fee.

Give me the Oyster then——'tis well——
He opens it, and at one Sup
Gulps the contested Trifle up,
And smiling gives to each a Shell.

Hence

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Henceforth let foolish Discord cease,
Your Oyſter's good as e'er was eat ;
I thank you for my dainty Treat,
God bleſs ye both, and live in Peace.

M O R A L.

*Te Men of Norfolk, and of Wales,
From this learn common Senſe ;
Nor thruſt your Neighbours into Jayls,
For ev'ry ſlight Offence.*

*Baniſh thoſe Vermin of Debate,
That on your Subſtance feed ;
The Knaves who now are ſerv'd in Plate,
Wou'd ſtarve, if Fools agreed,*





FABLE IX.

The Sheep and the Bush.

Latus sorte tuâ vives sapienter.—— HOR.

A Sheep, well-meaning Brute ! one Morn
Retir'd beneath a spreading Thorn,
A pealing Storm to shun ;
Escape'd indeed, both Rain, and Wind,
But left, alas ! his Fleece behind :
Was it not wisely done ?

M O R A L.

*Beneath the Blast, while pliant Osiers bend,
The stubborn Oak each furious Wind shall rend ;*

Dis-

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Discreetly yield, and patiently endure,

Such common Evils as admit no Cure.

*These Fate ordains, and Heav'n's high Will has
sent,*

In humble Littleness submit content,

But those thy Folly brings, in time prevent.



F-A-



FABLE X.
The Frogs Choice.

ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπώνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ φασὶ χάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀΐασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μέρον ἄλλοι ἔχουσιν.

I.

IN a wild State of Nature, long
The Frogs at random liv'd,
The Weak a Prey unto the Strong,
With Anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless Rout,
Taught by their Suff'rings, grew devout:
An Embassy to *Jove* they sent,
And begg'd his Highness wou'd bestow
Some settled Form of Government,
A King to rule the Fens below.

Jove,

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Jove, smiling, grants their odd Request,

A King th' indulgent Pow'r bestow'd,

(Such as might suit their Genius best)

A Beam of a prodigious Size,

With all its cumb'rous Load,

Came tumbling from the Skies.

The Waters dash against the Shore,

The hollow Caverns roar ;

The Rocks return the dreadful Sound,

Convulsions shake the Ground.

The Multitude with Horror fled,

And in his Oozy Bed,

Each skulking Coward hid his Head.

2.

When all is now grown calm again,

And smoothly glides the liquid Plain,

A Frog more resolute, and bold,

Peeping with Caution from his Hold ;

Recover'd

Recover'd from his first Surprize,
 As o'er the Wave his Head he popt,
 He saw—but scarce believ'd his Eyes,
 On the same Bank where first he dropt,
 Th' imperial Lubber lies,
 Stretch'd at his Ease, careless, content :
 Is this the Monarch *Jove* has sent,
 (Said he) our warlike Troops to lead ?
 Ay ! 'tis a glorious Prince indeed !
 By such an active Gen'ral led,
 (The routed Mice our Arms shall dread,
 Subdu'd shall quit their Claim :
 Old *Homer* shall recant his Lays,
 For us new Trophies raise,
 Sing our victorious Arms, and justify our Fame.
 Then laughing impudently loud,
 He soon alarm'd the Dastard Croud.

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The croaking Nations with Contempt
Behold the worthless Indolent,
On Wings of Winds, swift Scandal flies,
Libels, Lampoons, and Lyes,
Hoarse Treasons, tuneless Blasphemies.
With active Leap at last upon his Back they stride,
And on the Royal Loggerhead in triumph ride.

3.

Once more to *Jove*, their Pray'rs address,
And once more *Jove* grants their Request :
A Stork he sends of monstrous Size,
Red Lightning flashing in his Eyes ;
Rule'd, by no Block, as heretofore,
The gazing Crouds press'd to his Court ;
Admire his stately Mien, his haughty Port,
And only not adore.

Addresses of Congratulation,
Sent from each loyal Corporation,

Full-

Full-freight with Truth and Sense,
 Exhausted all their Eloquence.
 But now, alas! 'twas Night, Kings must have Meat,
 The *Grand Vizier* first goes to pot,
 Three * *Bassa's* next, happy their Lot!
 Gain'd *Paradise* by being eat.
 And this (said he) and this is mine,
 And this, by Right Divine :
 In short, 'twas all for publick Weal,
 He swallow'd half a Nation at a Meal.
 Again they beg Almighty *Jove*,
 This cruel Tyrant to remove.
 With fierce Resentment in his Eyes,
 The frowning Thunderer replies;
 Those Evils which yourselves create,
 Rash Fools! ye now repent too late;

* According to the *Turkish* Opinion, all who suffer by the *Grand Seignior's* Orders, go directly to *Paradise*.

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Made wretched by the publick Voice,
Not thro' Necessity, but Choice!
Be gone!——Nor wrest from Heav'n some heavier
Curse,
Better, bear this, this Stork, than worse.

M O R A L.

*Oppress'd with Happiness, and sick with Ease,
Not Heav'n itself our fickle Minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial Store,
The Leeks, and Onions, which we loath'd before :
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With Plenty starv'd, and ev'n with Health diseas'd.
With partial Eyes each present Good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
The Pow'rs above, who make Mankind your Care,
To bless the Suppliant, reject his Pray'r.*



FABLE XI.

*Liberty and Love ; or, the
Two Sparrows.*

—— *Dos est Uxoria, Lites.* OVID.

A Sparrow and his Mate,
(Believe me, gentle *Kate*)

Once lov'd like I and you ;
With mutual Ardour join'd,
No Turtles e'er so kind,
So constant, and so true.

They hopp'd from Spray to Spray,
They bill'd, they chirp'd all Day,
They cuddl'd close all Night ;

To

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To Bliss they wake'd each Morn,
In ev'ry Bush, and Thorn,
Gay Scenes of new Delight.

At length the Fowler came,
(The Knave was much to blame)
And this dear Pair trapan'd;
Both in one Cage confin'd,
Why, Faith and Troth, 'twas kind;
Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.

Fair Liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,
'Twas aukward, new, and strange;
For better and for worse,
O dismal, fatal Curse!
No more abroad to range,

No Carols now they sing,
Each droops his little Wing,
And mourns his cruel Fate;

O

Clouds

Clouds on each Brow appear,
My Honey, and my Dear,
Is now quite out of date.

They pine, lament, and moan,
'Twould melt an Heart of Stone,
To hear their sad Complaint :
Nor he supply'd her Wants,
Nor she refrain'd from Taunts,
That might provoke a Saint.

Hard Words improve to Blows,
For now grown mortal Foes,
They peck, they scratch, they scream ;
The Cage lies on the Floor,
The Wires are stain'd with Gore,
It swells into a Stream.

Dear *Kitty*, wou'd you know
The Cause of all this Woe,
It is not hard to guess ;

What-

Whatever does constrain,
Turns Pleasure into Pain,
 'Tis CHOICE alone can bless.

When both no more are free,
Insidid I must be,
 And you lose all your Charms;
My smother'd Passion dies,
And even your bright Eyes,
 Necessity disarms.

Then let us love, my Fair,
But unconstrain'd as Air,
 Each join a willing Heart;
Let free-born Souls disdain
To wear a Tyrant's Chain,
 And act a nobler Part.





FABLE XII.

The Two Springs.

— *Errat longè meâ quidem Sententiâ
Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod Amicitia adjungitur.*

T E R.

TWO Sister Springs, from the same Parent Hill,
Born on the same propitious Day,
Thro' the cleft Rock distill :
Adown the rev'rend Mountain's side,
Thro' Groves of Myrtle glide,
Or thro' the Violet Beds obliquely stray.
The Laurel, each proud Victor's Crown,
From them receives her high Renown,

From

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From them the curling Vine
Her Clusters big with racy Wine,
To them her Oil the peaceful Olive owes,
And her Vermilion Blush the Rose.
The gracious Streams in smooth Meanders flow,
To ev'ry thirsty Root dispense
Their kindly cooling Influence,
And Paradise adorns the Mountain's Brow.

2.

But oh! the sad Effect of Pride!
These happy Twins at last divide.
" Sister (exclaims th' Ambitious Spring)
" What Profit do these Labours bring?
" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
" A fruitless and a mean Employ.
" Stay here inglorious if you please,
" And loiter out a Life of Indolence and Ease:

- “ Go, humble Drudge, each Thistle rear,
“ And nurse each Shrub, your daily Care,
“ While pouring down from this my lofty Source,
“ I deluge all the Plain,
“ No Dams shall stop my course,
“ And Rocks oppose in vain.
“ See where my foaming Billows flow,
“ Above the Hills my Waves aspire,
“ The Shepherds and their Flocks retire,
“ And tallest Cedars as they pass in sign of Homage
bow.
“ To me each tributary Spring
“ Its supplemental Stores shall bring,
“ With me the Rivers shall unite,
“ The Lakes beneath my Banners fight,
“ Till the proud *Danube* and the *Rhine*
“ Shall own their Fame eclips’d by mine ;
“ Both Gods and Men shall dread my watry Sway,
“ Nor—these in Citys safe, nor in their Temples
they.

3.

Away the haughty Boaster flew
Scarce bid her Sister Stream a cool Adieu,
Her Waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murm'ring as of old,
But roughly dash against the Shore,
And toss their spumy Heads, and proudly roar.
The careful Farmer with surprize,
Sees the tumultuous Torrent rise;
With busy Looks the Rustick Band appear,
To guard their growing Hopes, the Promise of the
Year.

All Hands unite, with Dams they bound
The rash rebellious Stream around ;
In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
In vain she curls her feeble Waves,

Besieg'd at last on ev'ry side,
 Her Source exhausted and her Channel dry'd,
 (Such is the Fate of Impotence and Pride ;)

A shallow Pond she stands confin'd,
 The Refuge of the Croaking Kind.

Rushes and Sags, an inbred Foe,
 Choak up the muddy Pool below,

The Tyrant Sun on high

Exacts his usual Subsidy,

And the poor Pittance that remains,

Each gaping Cranny drains.

Too late the Fool repents, her haughty Boast,
 A nameless Nothing, in Oblivion lost.

4.

Her Sister Spring, benevolent and kind,

With joy sees all around her blest,

The Good she does, into her gen'rous Mind

Returns again with Interest.

The

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The Farmer oft invokes her Aid
When *Sirius* nips the tender Blade,
Her Streams a sure Elixir bring,
Gay Plenty decks the Fields, and a perpetual Spring.
Where'er the Gard'ner smooths her easy way,
Her ductile Streams obey.

Courteous she visits ev'ry Bed,
Narcissus rears his drooping Head,
By her diffusive Bounty fed.

}

Reviv'd from her indulgent Urn,
Sad *Hyacinth* forgets to mourn,
Rich in the Blessings she bestows,
All Nature smiles where'er she flows.

Enamour'd with a Nymph so fair,
See where the River Gods appear.

A Nymph so eminently good,
The Joy of all the Neighbourhood ;

They

They clasp her in their liquid Arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her Charms.
Like old *Alpheus* fond, their wanton Streams they
join'd,
Like *Arethusa* she, as lovely, and as kind.

5.

Now swell'd into a mighty Flood,
Her Channel deep and wide,
Still she persists in doing good,
Her Bounty flows with ev'ry Tide.
A thousand Riv'lets in her Train,
With fertile Waves enrich the Plain :
The scaly Herd, a num'rous Throng,
Beneath her silver Billows glide along,
Whose still increasing Shoals supply
The poor Man's Wants, the Great one's Luxury :
Here all the feather'd Troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary Feet,

Upon

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Upon her floating Herbage graze;
And with their tuneful Notes resound her Praise.
Here Flocks, and Herds, in safety feed,
And fatten in each flow'ry Mead :
No Beasts of Prey appear
The Watchful Shepherd to beguile,
No Monsters of the Deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious Shark, nor wily Crocodile ;
But *Delia*, and her Nymphs, chaste Silvan Queen,
By Mortals prying Eyes unseen,
Bath in her Flood, and sport upon her Borders green.
Here Merchants, careful of their Store,
By angry Billows tost,
Anchor secure beneath her Shore,
And bless the friendly Coast.
Soon mighty Fleets in all their Pride
Triumphant on her Surface ride :

The

The busy Trader on her Banks appears,
An hundred diff'rent Tongues she hears.
At last, with Wonder, and Surprize,
She sees a stately City rise;
With Joy the happy Flood admires
The lofty Domes; the pointed Spires;
The Portico's, magnificently great,
Where all the crouding Nations meet;
The Bridges that adorn her Brow,
From Bank to Bank their ample Arches stride,
Thro' which, her curling Waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious Murmurs flow.
Now grown a Port of high Renown,
The Treasure of the World her own,
Both *Indies* with their precious Stores,
Pay yearly Tribute to her Shores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopl'd Stream,
Nor Father *Thames* himself of more Esteem.

M O R A L.

*The Pow'r of Kings (if rightly understood)
Is but a Grant from Heav'n of doing Good.
Proud Tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
And ride o'er Ruins with malignant Joy;
Humbled in Dust, soon to their cost shall know
Heav'n our Avenger, and Mankind their Foe;
While gracious Monarchs reap the Good they sow:
Blessing, are bless'd; far spreads their just Renown,
Consenting Nations their Dominion own,
And joyful happy Crouds support their Throne.
In vain the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell combine,
Each Guardian Angel shall protect that Line,
Who by their Virtues prove their Right Divine.*





FABLE XIII.

The Bald Batchelor :

*Being a Paraphrase upon the Second Fable
in the Second Book of PHÆDRUS.*

*Frigidus in Venerem senior, frustra; laborem
Ingratum trahit : & si quando at prælia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumq; notabis
Præcipue. ——— VIR. Geor. Lib. 3.*

A Batchelor, who, past his Prime,
Had been a good one in his Time,
Had scour'd the Streets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his Man, and kept his Punk :

Was sometimes rich, but oft'ner poor,
With early Duns about his Door ;
Being a little off his Mettle,
Thought it convenient now to settle :
Grew wond'rous wise at Forty-five,
Resolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he cast his Roguish Eye
Upon a Dame, who liv'd hard-by ;
A Widow Debonair, and Gay,
October, in the Dress of *May* ;
Artful to lay both Red and White,
Skill'd in Repairs, and ev'n in spight
Of Time, and Wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whose Heart was apt to rove,
An errant Wanderer in Love ;
Besides this Widow had Miss *Kitty*,
Juicy, and young, exceeding witty :

208 *Occasional Poems,*

On her he thought serious, or gay,
 His Dream by Night, his Toast by Day;
 He thought, but not on her alone,
 For who wou'd be confin'd to one?
 Between 'em both strange Work he made;
 Gave this a Ball, or Masquerade;
 With that, at serious Ombre play'd,
 The self-same Compliments he spoke,
 The self-same Oaths he swore, he broke;
 Alternately on each bestows
 Frail Promises, and short-liv'd Vows,
Variety! kind Source of Joy!
 Without whose Aid all Pleasures cloy;
 Without thee, who wou'd ever prove
 The painful Drudgerys of Love?
 Without thee, what indulgent Wight
 Wou'd read, what we in Garrets write?

But

But not to make my Tale perplex'd,
And keep more closely to my Text;
'Tis fit the courteous Reader know
This middle-age'd Man had been a Beau.
But above all, his Head of Hair
Had been his great peculiar Care;
To which his serious Hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious Time mispent.
'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his Back;
Black, did I say? Ay, once 'twas so,
But cruel Time had smoke'd the Beau,
And powder'd o'er his Head with Snow.
As an old Horse that had been hard rid,
Or from his Master's Coach discarded,
Forc'd in a Tumbril to go Filler,
Or load for some poor Rogue a Miller;

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On his grave Noddle, o'er his Eyes,
 Black Hairs and white promiscuous rise;
 Which chequer o'er his rev'rend Pate,
 And prove the Keffel more sedate :
 So with this worthy Squire it far'd,
 Yet he nor Time, nor Labour spar'd,
 But with excessive Cost, and Pains,
 Still made the best of his Remains.
 Each Night beneath his Cap he furl'd it,
 Each Morn in modish Ringlets curl'd it;
 Now made his comely Tresses shine,
 With Orange-Butter, Jessamine;
 Then with sweet Powder, and Perfumes,
 He purify'd his upper Rooms.
 So when a Jocky brings a Mare,
 Or Horse, or Gelding, to a Fair,
 Tho' he be spavin'd, old, and blind,
 With founder'd Feet, and broken Wind;

Yet

Yet if he's Master of his Trade,
He'll curry well, and trim the Jade,
To make the Cheat go glibly down,
And bubble some unwary Clown.
What Woman made of Flesh and Blood,
So sweet a Gallant e'er withstood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten;
The good old Puss, and the young Kitten;
And being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;
No longer talk'd of Dear, or Honey,
But of plain downright Matrimony.
At that dread Word his Worship started,
And was (we may suppose) faint-hearted;
Yet being resolv'd to change his State,
Winks both his Eyes, and trusts to Fate.
But now new Doubts and Scruples rise,
To plague him with Perplexities;

He knew not which, alas ! to chuse,
This he must take, and that refuse.
As when some idle Country Lad
Swings on a Gate, his wooden Pad ;
To right, to left, he spurs away,
But neither here, nor there can stay ;
Till by the Catch surpriz'd, the Lout
His Journey ends, where he set out :
Ev'n so this dubious Lover stray'd,
Between th^e Widow, and the Maid ;
And after swinging to and fro,
Was just in *Equilibrio*.
Yet still a Lover's Warmth he shows,
And makes his Visits, and his Bows ;
Domestick grown, both here, and there,
Nor *Pug*, nor *Shock*, were half so dear :
With Bread, and Butter, and with Tea,
And Madam's Toilet, who but he ?

There

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There fix'd a Patch, or broke a Comb ;
At Night, the Widow's Drawing-Room.

O sweet Vicissitude of Love !

Who wou'd covet Heaven above,
Were Men but thus allow'd to rove ?

But, alas ! some curs'd Event,

Some unexpected Accident,

Humbles our Pride, and shows the Odds

Between frail Mortals, and the Gods :

This by the Sequel will appear

A Truth most evident, and clear.

As on the Widow's panting Breast

He laid his peaceful Head to rest,

Dreaming of Pleasures yet in store,

And Joys he ne'er had felt before ;

His grizly Locks appear display'd,

In all their Pomp of Light and Shade.

'Alas! my future Spouse, (said she)
'What do mine Eyes astonish'd see?
Marriage demands Equality.
'What will malicious Neighbours say,
Shou'd I, a Widow young and gay,
Marry a Man both old and grey?
'Those hideous Hairs! ——with that a Tear
Did in each Crystal Sluice appear;
She fetch'd a deep Sigh from her Heart,
'As who shou'd say, best Friends must part:
Then muse'd a while; there is but one,
But this Expedient left alone,
To save that dear Head from Disgrace;
Here, *Jenny*, fetch my Tweaser-Case.
To work then went the treach'rous Fair,
'And grub'd up here and there a Hair:
But as she meant not to renew
His Charms, but set her own to view;

And

And by this Foil more bright appear,

In youthful Bloom when he was near,

The cunning *Gipsy* nipt away

The black, but flily left the grey.

O *Dallilah*! perfidious Fair!

O Sex ingenious to ensnare!

How faithless all your Doings are?

Whom Nature form'd your Lord, your Guide,

You his precarious Pow'r deride,

Tool of your Vanity and Pride.

The Squire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt

What the deceitful Traitress meant;

Thrice kiss'd her Hand, and then retir'd,

With more exalted Thoughts inspir'd:

To his fair *Filly* next repairs,

With statelier Port, and youthful Airs.

Lord! Sir—— (said she) you're mighty gay,

But I must tell you by the way,

That no Brood Goose was e'er so grey.

Here, let this Hand eradicate
Those foul Dishonours of your Pate.
For she, poor thing! whose Virgin Heart,
Unskill'd in ev'ry Female Art,
In pure Simplicity believ'd
His Youth might this way be retriev'd;
At least his Age disguis'd, and she,
From spiteful Prudes, and Censure free;
With earnest Diligence, and Care,
Grub'd by the Roots each grizled Hair;
Some few black Hairs she left behind,
But not one of the Silver Kind.
But when she saw what Work she'd made,
His bald broad Front, without a Shade,
And all his hatchet Face display'd,
With scarce six Hairs upon a side,
His large out-spreading Luggs to hide;

She

She laugh'd, she scream'd; and *Nan*, and *Bess*,
In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less.
Home skulk'd the Squire, and hid his Face,
Sore-smitten with the foul Disgrace :
Softly he knock'd, but trusty *John*,
Who knew his Hour was Twelve, or One,
Rubb'd both his Eyes, and yawn'd, and swore,
And quickly blunder'd to the Door.
But starting back at this Disaster,
Vow'd that Old *Nick* had hagg'd his Master :
The Landlady, in sore Affright,
Fell into Fits, and swoon'd out-right ;
The Neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
The Maids miscarry'd, Children baul'd,
The Cur whom oft his Bounty fed,
With many a Scrap, and Bit of Bread ;
Now own'd him not, but in the Throng
Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along,

To

To Bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or clos'd his Eyes, or slept one jot;
Not *Nisus* was in such Despair,
Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and his Hair:
Not ev'n *Belinda* made such Moan,
When her dear fav'rite Lock was gone.
He fume'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
All his past Life run o'er again;
Damn'd ev'ry Female Bite to *Tyburn*,
From Mother *Eve*, to Mother *Wyburn*;
Each youthful Vanity abjur'd,
Whores, Box and Dice, and Claps ill-cur'd;
And having lost by Female Art,
This darling Idol of his Heart,
Those precious Locks, that might out-vie
The trim curl'd God, who lights the Sky;
Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,
Or what's almost the same—Precise;

Canted,

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Canted, and whine'd, and talk'd most oddly,
Was very slovenly, and godly :
(For nothing makes Devotion keen,
Like Disappointment, and Chagreen)
In fine, he set his House in order,
And piously put on a Border.

M O R A L.

*To you (gay Sparks) who waste your youthful Prime,
Old Æsop sends this monitory Rhime ;
Leave, leave, for shame your Trulls at Sh—er Hall,
And marry in good time, or not at all.
Of all the Monsters Smithfield e'er cou'd show,
There's none so hideous as a batter'd Beau.
Trust not the Noon of Life, but take the Morn,
Will. Honeycomb is ev'ry Female's Scorn.
Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wise,
Believe me, Friends, in ev'ry Woman's Eyes,
'Tis Back, and Brawn, and Sinew, wins the Prize.*



FABLE XIV.

*The Fortune-Hunter.**Fortuna sævo leta negotio**Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax**Transmutat incertos honores.*

HOR.

CANTO I.

SOME Authors more Abstruse than Wise,
 Friendship confine to stricter Ties,

Require exact Conformity,

In Person, Age, and Quality ;

Their Humours, Principles, and Wit,

Must, like Exchequer Tallies, hit.

Others less scrupulous, opine

That Hands, and Hearts, in Love may join,

Tho'

Tho' diff'rent Inclinations sway,
For Nature's more in fault than they.
Who e'er would sift this Point more fully,
May read *St. Evremond* and *Tully* ;
With me the Doctrine shall prevail
That's *à propos* to form my Tale;

Two Brethren (whether Twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred ; as fam'd their Love
As *Leda's* Brats begot by *Jove* :
As various too their Tempers were,
That brisk, and frolick, 'debonair,
This more confiderate, and severe.
While *Bob*, with diligence would pore
And con by heart his Battle-door,
Frank plaid at Romps with *John* the Groom;
Or switch'd his Hobby round the Room.

The

The Striplings now too bulky grown,
To make dirt Pies, and lounge at home,
With akeing Hearts to School are sent,
Their Humours still of various bent :
The silent, serious, solid Boy,
Came on apace, was Daddy's joy,
Constru'd, and pars'd, and said his Part,
And got *Qua-genus* all by heart.
While *Panky*, that unlucky Rogue,
Fell in with ev'ry Whim in vogue,
Valu'd not *Lilly* of a straw,
A Rook at Chuck, a Dab at Taw.
His Bum was often brush'd, you'll say,
'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day :
So Leeches at the Breech are fed,
To cure Vertigo's in the Head.
But by your leave, good Doctor *Friend*,
Let me this Maxim recommend ;

A

A Genius can't be forc'd; nor can
You make an Ape an Alderman :
The patchwork Doublet well may suit,
But how would Furs become the Brute ?
In short, the Case is very plain,
When Maggots once are in the Brain
Whole Loads of Birch are spent in vain.

}

}

Now to pursue this hopeful Pair
To *Oxford*, and the Lord knows where,
Wou'd take more Ink than I can spare.
Nor shall I here minutely score
The Volumes *Bob* turn'd o'er, and o'er,
The Laundresses turn'd up by *Frank*,
With many a strange diverting Prank ;
'Twou'd jade my Muse, tho' better fed,
And kept in Body-cloaths, and Bread.

When Bristles on each Chin began
To sprout, the Promise of a Man,

The

The good old Gentleman expir'd,
And decently to Heav'n retir'd ;
The Brethren at their Country Seat,
Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug Retreat ;
Their Cellars, and their Barns well stor'd,
And Plenty smoaking on their Board ;
Ale and Tobacco for the Vicar,
For Gentry sometimes better Liqueur.
Judicious *Bob* had read all 'o'er
Each weighty stay'd Philosopher,
And therefore rightly understood
The Real from th' Apparent Good ;
Substantial Bliss, intrinsick Joys,
From Buffle, Vanity, and Noise ;
Cou'd his own Happiness create,
And bring his Mind to his Estate :
Liv'd in the same calm, easy Round,
His Judgment clear, his Body sound ;

Good

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Good Humour, Probity, and Sense,
Repay'd with Peace, and Indolence :
While Rakeish *Frank*, whose active Soul,
No Bounds, no Principles controul,
Flies o'er the World where Pleasure calls,
To Races, Masquerades, and Balls ;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the Gay, and Toasts the Fair.
As when the full-fed, refty Steed
Breaks from his Groom, he flies with speed ;
His high-arch'd Neck he proudly rears,
Upon his Back his Tayl he bears,
His Main upon his Shoulders curls,
O'er ev'ry Precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling Tides,
He laves his shining pamper'd Sides,
He snuffs the Females on the Plain,
And to his Joy he springs amain,

To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the Stud his Lust suffice;
'Till Nature flags, his Vigour spent,
With dropping Tayl, and Nerves unbent,
The humble Beast returns content,
Waits tamely at the Stable Door,
As tractable as e'er before.
This was exactly *Panky's* Case;
When Blood ran high he liv'd apace,
But Pockets drain'd, and ev'ry Vein,
Look'd silly, and came home again.
At length Extravagance, and Vice,
Whoring, and Drinking, Box and Dice,
Sunk his Exchequer, Cares intrude,
And Duns grow troublesome and rude.
What Measures shall poor *Panky* take
To manage wisely the last Stake,

With

With some few Pieces in his Purse,
And half a dozen Brats at Nurse;
Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his Nails, then scratch'd his Head,
At last resolv'd: Resolv'd! on what?
There's not a Penny to be got;
The Question now remains alone,
Whether 'tis best to hang, or drown.
Thank you for that, good friendly Devil,
You're very courteous, very civil;
Other Expedients may be try'd,
The Man is young, the World is wide,
And as judicious Authors say,
Every Dog shall have his Day;
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her Smile,
Act ev'ry part in Life to win her,
First try the Saint, and then the Sinner;

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Press boldly on, slighted, pursue;
 Repuls'd, again the Charge renew;
 Give her no rest, attend, intreat,
 And stick at nothing to be Great.
 Fir'd with these Thoughts, the Youth grew vain,
 Look'd on the Country with disdain;
 Where Vertue's Fools her Laws obey,
 And dream a lazy Life away;
 Thinks Poverty the greatest Sin,
 And walks on Thorns 'till he begin:
 But first before his Brother laid
 The hopeful Scheme, and begg'd his Aid.
 Kind *Bob* was much abash'd to see
 His Brother in extremity,
 Reduc'd to Rags for want of Thought,
 A Beggar, and not worth a Groat.
 He griev'd full sore, gave good Advice,
 Quoted his Authors grave and wise,

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All who with wholesome Morals treat us,
Old *Seneca*, and *Epietetus*.
What's my unhappy Brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom pursuing?
An idle, tricking, giddy Jade,
A Phantome, and a fleeting Shade;
Grasp'd in this Coxcomb's Arms a while
The false Jilt fawns, then a fond Smile;
On that she leers, he like the rest,
Is soon a Bubble, and a Jest;
But live with me, just to thy self,
And scorn the Bitch, and all her Pelf;
Fortune's ador'd by Fools alone,
The wise Man always makes his own.
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine Sayings and Philosophy,

Where a poor Youth's o'er-heated Brain,
Is sold to Interest, and Gain,
And Pride, and fierce Ambition reign.

Bob found it so, nor did he strive
To work the Nail that wou'd not drive;
Content to do the best he cou'd,
And as became his Brotherhood,
Gave him what Money he cou'd spare,
And kindly paid his old Arrear,
Bought him his Equipage and Cloaths;
So thus supply'd away he goes,
For *London* Town he mounts, as gay
As Taylors on their Wedding-day.

Not many Miles upon the Road,
A Widow's stately Mansion stood;
What if Dame *Fortune* should be there?
(Said *Frank*) 'tis ten to one, I swear :

I'll try to find her in the Croud,

She loves the Wealthy and the Proud.

Away he spurs, and at the Door

Stood Gallant Gentry many a score,

Penelope had never more.

Here tortur'd Cats-gut squeals amain,

Guittars in softer Notes complain,

And Lutes reveal the Lover's Pain.

Frank with a careless, easy Mien,

Sung her a Song, and was let in.

The rest with Envy burst, to see

The Stranger's odd Felicity.

Low bow'd the Footman at the Stairs,

The Gentleman at top appears,

And is your Lady, Sir, at home?

Pray walk into the Drawing-Room.

But here my Muse is too well bred,

To prattle what was done, or said;

She lik'd the Youth, his Dress, his Face,
His Calves, his Back, and ev'ry Grace :
Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
Much Meat, good Wine, some little Wit.
The Grace-Cup drank, or Dance, or Play ;
Frank chose the last, was very gay,
Had the good luck the Board to strip,
And punted to her Ladyship.
The Clock strikes One, the Gentry bow'd,
Each to his own Apartment shov'd ;
But *Panky* was in piteous mood,
Slept not a Wink ; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her Jointure, and her Eyes.
Restless as in a Lion's Den,
He spraul'd, and kick'd about till Ten :
But as he dreamt of future Joys,
His Ear was startled with a Noise,

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Six Trumpets, and a Kettle-Drum ;
Up in a hurry flies the Groom,
Lord, Sir ! get dress'd, the Col'nel's come :
Your Horse is ready at the Door,
You may reach *Uxbridge*, Sir, by Four.
Poor *Panky* must in haste remove,
With Disappointment vex'd, and Love ;
To Dirt abandon'd, and Despair,
For Lace, and Feather won the Fair.

Now for the Town he jogs apace,
With leaky Boots, and Sun-burnt Face ;
And leaving *Acton* in his Rear,
Began to breathe sulphureous Air.
Arriv'd at length, the Table spread,
Three Bottles drank, he reels to Bed.
Next Morn his busy Thoughts begun,
To rise, and travel with the Sun ;

Whims heap'd on Whims, his Head turn'd round,
But how Dame *Fortune* might be found,
Was the momentous grand Affair,
His secret Wish, his only Care.
Damme, thought *Panky* to himself,
I'll find this giddy wand'ring Elf;
I'll hunt her out in ev'ry Quarter,
'Till she bestow the Staff, or Garter:
I'll visit good Lord *S—d—d*,
Who keeps the Jilt at his Command;
Or else some courteous Dutchess may
Take pity on a Run-away.
Dress'd to a Pink, to Court he flies,
At this Levee, and that he plies;
Bows in his Rank, an humble Slave,
And meanly fawns on ev'ry Knave;
With Maids of Honour learns to chat,
Fights for this Lord, and pimps for that,

Fortune he fought from place to place,
She led him still a Wild-Goose Chace;
Always prepar'd with some Excuse,
The hopeful Younker to amuse;
Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
To *Hampton-Court*, or *Kensington*;
And after all her Wiles and Dodgings,
She slip'd clear off, and bilk'd her Lodgings.
Jaded, and almost in Despair,
A Gamester whisper'd in his Ear;
Who wou'd seek *Fortune*, Sir, at Court?
At *H——l's* is her chief Resort;
'Tis there her Midnight Hours she spends,
Is very gracious to her Friends;
Shows honest Men the Means of thriving,
The best, good-natur'd Goddess living.
Away he trudges with his Rook,
Throws many a Main, is bit, is broke;

With

With dirty Knuckles, aking Head,
Disconsolate he sneaks to Bed.

C A N T O II.

HOW humble, and how complaisant,

Is a proud Man reduc'd to Want !

With what a silly, hanging Face,

He bears his unforeseen Disgrace !

His Spirits flag, his Pulse beats low,

The Gods, and all the World his Foe ;

To thriving Knaves a Ridicule,

A Butt to ev'ry wealthy Fool.

For where is Courage, Wit, or Sense,

When a poor Rake has lost his Pence ?

Let all the Learn'd say what they can,

'Tis ready Money makes the Man ;

Commands Respect where'er we go,

And gives a Grace to all we do.

With

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With such Reflections, *Frank* distress'd,

The Horrors of his Soul express'd:

Contempt, the Basket, and a Jayl,

By turns his restless Mind assail;

Aghast the dismal Scene he flies,

And Death grows pleasing in his Eyes:

For since his Rhino was all flown,

To the last solitary Crown,

Who wou'd not like a *Roman* dare,

To leave that World he cou'd not share?

The Pistol on his Table lay,

And Death fled hov'ring o'er his Prey;

There wanted nothing now to do,

But touch the Trigger, and adieu.

As he was saying some short Pray'rs,

He heard a wheezing on his Stairs,

And looking out, his Aunt appears;

Who

Who from *Moor-Fields* breathless, and lame,
 To see her graceless Godson came :
 The Salutations being past,
 Coughing, and out of Wind, at last
 In his great Chair she took her Place,
 How does your Brother? Is my Niece
 Well marry'd? When will *Robin* settle?
 He answer'd all things to a Tittle ;
 Gave such Content in ev'ry part,
 He gain'd the good old Beldam's Heart.
 " Godson, (said she) alas! I know
 " Matters with you are but so so :
 " You're come to Town I understand,
 " To make your Fortune out of hand ;
 " Your Time, and Patrimony lost,
 " To beg a Place, or buy a Post.
 " Believe me, Godson, I'm your Friend ;
 " Of this great Town, this wicked End

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“ Is ripe for Judgment; Satan’s Seat,

“ The Sink of Sin, and Hell compleat.

“ In ev’ry Street of Trulls a Troop,

“ And ev’ry Cook-Wench wears a Hoop;

“ *Sodom* was less deform’d with Vice,

“ Lewdness of all kinds, Cards, and Dice.”

Frank blush’d : (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before)

And own’d it was a wretched Place,

Unfit for any Child of Grace.

The good old Aunt o’er-joy’d to see

These Glimmerings of Sanctity;

“ My Dear (said she) this Purse is yours,

“ It cost me many painful Hours;

“ Take it, improve it, and become

“ By Art and Industry a Plumb.

“ But leave, for shame, this impious Street,

“ All over mark’d with cloven Feet;

“ In

" In our more holy Quarter live,
" Where both your Soul and Stock may thrive;
" Where righteous Citizens repair,
" And Heav'n, and Earth, the Godly share,
" Gain this by Jobbing, that by Pray'r.
" At *Jonathan's* go smoke a Pipe,
" Look very serious, dine on Tripe;
" Get early up, late close your Eyes,
" And leave no Stone unturn'd to rise;
" Then each good Day at *Salter's-Hall*
" Pray for a Blessing upon all."

Lowly the ravish'd *Panky* bows,
While Joy sat smiling on his Brows;
And without scruple, in a trice,
He took her Money, and Advice.
Not an extravagant young Heir,
Beset with Duns, and in Despair,
When joyful Tidings reach his Ear,

And

And Dad retires by Heav'n's Commands,
To leave his Chink to better Hands;
Not wand'ring Sailors almost lost,
When they behold the wish'd-for Coast;
Not *Culprit* when the Knot is plac'd,
And kind Reprieve arrives in haste;
E'er felt a Joy in such excess,
As *Frank* reliev'd from this Distress.
A thousand Antick Tricks he play'd,
The Purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd;
Counted the Pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected Store,
Built stately Castles in the Air,
Supp'd with the Great, enjoy'd the Fair;
Pick'd out his Title, and his Place,
Was scarce contented with *Your Grace*.
Strange Visions working in his Head,
Frantick, half mad, he strols to bed;
Sleeps little, if he sleeps, he dreams
Of Scepters, and of Diadems.

" *Fortune* (said he) shall now no more
" Trick and deceive me as of yore :
" This Passport shall admittance gain,
" In spite of all the Jilt's Disdain :
" 'Tis this the Tyrant's Pride disarms,
" And brings her blushing to my Arms ;
" This golden Bough my Wish shall speed,
" And to th' *Elysian Fields* shall lead."

The Morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,
Impatient, huddled on his Clothes ;
Call'd the next Coach, gave double Pay,
And to *Change-Alley* whirl'd away.

'Tis here Dame *Fortune* ev'ry day
Opens her Booth, and shows her Play ;
Here laughing sits behind the Scene,
Dances her Puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical Machine.

Powel, with all his Wire and Wit,
To her great Genius must submit :

Exact at Twelve the Goddess shows,
And Fame aloud her Trumpet blows ;
Harangues the Mob, with Shams, and Lyes,
And bids their Actions fall, or rise.
Old *Chaos* here his Throne regains,
And here in odd Confusion reigns ;
All Order, all Distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the Fools are tost.
Here lucky Coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy Heads, there in Despair
Sits humbled Pride, with down-cast Look,
Bankrupts restor'd, and Misers broke,
Strange Figures here our Eyes invade,
And the whole World in Masquerade ;
A Carman in a Hat and Feather,
A Lord in Frize, his Breeches Leather :
Tom Whiplash in his Coach of State,
Drawn by the Tits he drove of late :
A Col'nel of the bold Train-Bands,
Selling his Equipage, and Lands.

Hard-by a Cobler bidding fair
For the Gold-Chain, and next L——d Mayor:
A Butcher blust'ring in the Croud,
Of his late purchas'd 'Scutcheon proud,
Retains his Cleaver for his Crest,
His Motto too beneath the rest,
Virtue, and Merit is a Jest.
Two Toasts with all their Trinkets gone,
Padding the Streets for Half-a-Crown:
A daggled Countess, and her Maid,
Her House-Rent, and her Slaves unpaid,
A Taylor's Wife in rich Brocade.
All Sects, all Partys, high, and low,
At *Fortune's* Shrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent Zeal restrain,
Where each Man's Godliness is Gain.
From Taverns, Meeting-Houses, Stews,
Atheists, and Quakers, Bawds, and Jews,
Statesmen, and Fiddlers, Beaux, and Porters,
Blue Aprons here, and there blue Garters.

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As Human Race of old began
From Stones, and Clods, transform'd to Man,
So, from each Dunghil, strange Surprize!
In Troops the recent Gentry rise,
Of Mushroom Growth, they wildly stare,
And Ape the Great with aukward Air:
So *Pinkethman* upon the Stage,
Mounting his As in warlike Rage,
With simp'ring *Dicky* for his Page,
In *Lee's* mad Rant, with Monkey Face,
Burlesques the Prince of *Ammon's* Race.
Industrious *Frank*, among the rest,
Bought, sold, and cavill'd, baul'd, and press'd;
Lodg'd in a Garret on the spot,
Follow'd Instructions to a jot,
The praying Part alone forgot.
Learnt ev'ry dealing Term of Art,
And all th' ingenious Cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he soon should find
Dame *Fortune* complaisant, and kind.

After her oft he call'd aloud,
But still she vanish'd in the Croud ;
Now with smooth Looks, and tempting Smiles,
The faithless Hypocrite beguiles ;
Then with a cool, and scornful Air,
Bids the deluded Wretch despair ;
Takes pet without the least pretence,
And wonders at his Insolence.
Thus with her fickle Humours vex'd,
And between Hopes, and Fears perplex'd ;
His Patience quite worn out, at last
Resolves to throw one desperate Cast.
“ 'Tis vain (said he) to whine and wooe,
“ 'Tis one brisk Stroke the Work must do.
“ *Fortune* is like a Widow won,
“ And truckles to the Bold alone ;
“ I'll push at once, and venture all,
“ At least, I shall with Honour fall.”
But curse upon the treach'rous Jade,
Who thus his Services repaid ;

When

When now he thought the World his own,
He bought a Bear, and was undone.

C A N T O III.

AS there is something in a Face,
An Air, and a peculiar Grace,
Which boldest Painters cannot trace;
That more than Features, Shape, or Hair,
Distinguishes the happy Fair;
Strikes ev'ry Eye, and makes her known
A ruling Toast thro' all the Town:
So in each Action 'tis Success
That gives it all its Comeliness;
Guards it from Censure, and from Blame,
Brightens, and burnishes our Fame.
For what is Virtue, Courage, Wit,
In all Men, but a lucky Hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wisest Conduct nought avails;

The Man of Merit, soon shall find
The World to prosp'rous Knaves inclin'd,
Himself the last of all Mankind.
Too true (poor *Frank*) this Thesis found,
Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,
In Durance vile detain'd, and lost,
And all his mighty Projects crost :
With Grief and Shame at once oppress'd,
Tears swell his Eyes, and Sighs his Breast ;
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd Rake,
Where shall he turn? what Measures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
By his own greedy Appetite ;
He mourns his fatal Lust of Pelf,
And curses *Fortune*, and himself :
In Limbo pent would fain get free,
Importunate for Liberty.
So when the watchful hungry Mouse,
At midnight proling round the House,
Winds in a Corner toasted Cheese,
Glad the luxurious Prey to seize ;

With Whiskers curl'd, and round black Eyes,
He meditates the luscious Prize,
Till caught, trapann'd, laments too late
The rigorous Decrees of Fate :
Reffless his Freedom to regain,
He bites the Wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched Captive thus distress'd,
His busy Thoughts allow no rest :
Fond on each Project to depend,
Kind Hope, his only Faithful Friend ;
Odd Whimsys floating in his Brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the shipwreck'd Wretch is tost
From Wave to Wave, and almost lost,
Beat by the Billows from the Shore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly Plank he grasp'd before :
So *Frank*, when all Expedients fail,
To save his Carcase from the Jayl,

Eat up with Vermin, and with Care,
And almost sinking in Despair,
Resolves once more to make his Court
To his old Aunt, his last Resort :
Takes Pen in Hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his Paper with his Tears,
Ransacks his troubled Soul, to raise
Each tender Sentiment, and Phrase;
And ev'ry lame Excuse supplies
With artful Col'ring, and Disguise ;
Kind to himself, lays all the blame
On *Fortune*, that Capricious Dame :
In short, informs her all was lost,
And sends it by the Penny-post.
Soon as the antient Nymph had read
The Fatal Scroll, she took her Bed,
Cold Palsies seize her trembling Head ;
She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
Her Spectacles, and Beard, with Tears ;

Her Nose that wont to sympathize
With all th' O'erflowings of her Eyes,
Adown in Pearly Drops distils,
Th' united Stream each Chasm fills.
Geneva now, nor *Nants* will do,
Her Toothless Gums their hold let go;
And on the Ground, O fatal Stroke!
The short coæval Pipe is broke;
With Vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,
B—l—s, and prays, and f——ts, and dies.
But Sleep, that kind Restorative,
Recall'd her Soul, and bid her live;
With cooler Thoughts the Case she weigh'd,
And brought her Reason to her Aid.
Away she hobbles, and with speed
Resolves to see the Captive freed;
Wipe off this Stain, and foul Disgrace,
And vindicate her antient Race.
With her a Sage Director comes,
More weighty than a Brace of Plumbs,

A Good Man in the City Cant,
Where Cash, not Morals, makes the Saint.
T' improve a Genius so polite,
The clumsy Thing was dubb'd a Knight :
Fortune's chief Confident, and Friend,
Grown fat by many a Dividend ;
And still her Favour he retains,
By want of Merit, and of Brains ;
On her top Spoke sublime he sits,
The Jest, and Theme of sneering Wits :
For Fools in *Fortune's* Pill'ry plac'd,
Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
This rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wife,
Was call'd the Younker to advise :
“ Young Man (said he) refrain from Tears,
“ While joyful Tydings blefs thine Ears ;
“ Up, and be doing, Boy, and try
“ To conquer Fate by Industry ;
“ For know that all of Mortal Race,
“ Are born to Losses and Disgrace :

“ Ev'n

“ Ev’n I broke twice, I, heretofore
“ A Taylor despicably poor,
“ In ev’ry Hole for shelter crept,
“ On the same Bulk, botch’d, lous’d, and slept,
“ With scarce one Penny to prepare
“ A friendly Halter in Despair;
“ My Credit like my Garment torn,
“ Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn:
“ But soon I patch’d it up again,
“ These busy Hands, this working Brain,
“ Ne’er ceas’d from Labour, Pain and Sweat,
“ ’Till *Fortune* smil’d, and I was Great.
“ Now at each pompous City Feast,
“ Who but Sir *Tristram*? ev’ry Guest
“ Respectful bows. In each Debate,
“ My Nod must give the Sentence weight:
“ On me prime Ministers attend,
“ And ——— and *A* ——— *by*’s my Friend:
“ In Embrio each bold Project lies,
“ ’Till my consenting Purse supplies.

“ This

“ This Hand——nay, do not think me vain,
“ Soften'd the *Swede*, and humbled *Spain*.
“ To me, the Fair whom all adore,
“ Address their Pray'rs, and own my Pow'r ;
“ When the poor Toast by Break of Day,
“ Has punted all her Gold away,
“ Undress'd, and in her native Charms,
“ She flies to these indulgent Arms ;
“ She curls each Dimple in her Face
“ To win the good Sir *Tristram's* Grace ;
“ Offers her Brilliants with a Smile,
“ That might an Anchoret beguile,
“ And when my potent Aid is lent,
“ Away the Dear One wheels content.
“ He that can Money get, my Boy,
“ Shall ev'ry other Good enjoy ;
“ Be rich, and ev'ry Boon receive,
“ That Man can wish, or Heav'n can give.
“ Now to the means (dear Youth) attend,
“ By which thy Sorrows soon shall end :

“ Thy

“ Thy good old Aunt resolves to bail
“ Her hopeful Godson out of Jail ;
“ But what is Freedom to the Poor ?
“ The Man, who begs from Door to Door
“ Is Free, in lazy Wretchedness
“ He lives, ’till Heav’n his Substance bless ;
“ But having learnt to Cog, and Chouse,
“ To cut a Purse, or break a House,
“ Then soon he mends his old Apparel,
“ Eats boil’d, and roast, and taps his Barrel ;
“ Drinks double Bub, with all his might,
“ And hugs his Doxy ev’ry Night :
“ Thy sprightly Genius ne’er shall lie
“ Depress’d by Want, and Penury ;
“ Go, with a prosp’rous merry Gale,
“ To the South Seas advent’rous sail ;
“ Fat Plenty dwells on those rich Shores,
“ Abundance opens all her Stores ;
“ Ingots, and Pearls, for Beads are sold,
“ And Rivers glide on Sands of Gold ;

“ Pro- -

“ Profit, and Pleasure, hand in hand,
“ Smile on the Fields, and bless the Land;
“ The Swains unlabour’d Harvests reap,
“ Fountains run Wine, and Whores are cheap.
“ *Fortune* is always true and kind,
“ Nor veers, as here, with ev’ry Wind;
“ Not as in these penurious Isles,
“ Retails her Blessings, and her Smiles;
“ But deals by wholesale with her Friends,
“ And gluts them with her Dividends.
“ Then haste, set sail, the Ship’s unmoor’d,
“ And waits to take thee now on board.”
The Youth o’er-joy’d this Project hears,
From his Flock-Bed his Head he rears,
And waters all his Rags with Tears.
In short, he took his Friend’s Advice,
Pack’d up his Baggage in a trice;
Dancing for Joy, on board he flew,
With all *Potosi* in his view.

C A N T O IV.

BEhold the Youth just now set free
On Land, immur'd again at Sea ;
Stow'd with his Cargo in the Hold,
In quest of other Worlds for Gold.
He who so late regal'd at ease,
On Oleos, Soups, and Fricassees ;
Drank with the Witty, and the Gay,
Sparkling *Champaign*, and rich *Tokay* ;
Now breaks his Fast with *Suffolk* Cheese,
And bursts at Noon with Pork and Pease ;
Instead of Wine, content to sip,
With noisy Tarrs, their nauseous Flip :
Their Breath with chaw'd Mundungus sweet,
Their Jests more fulsome than their Meat.
While Thunder rolls, and Storms arise,
He snoring in his Hammock lies ;
In Golden Dreams enjoys the Night,
And counts his Bags with vast Delight.

Mountains of Gold erect his Throne,
Each precious Gem is now his own ;
Kind *Jove* descends in golden Sleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his Feet ;

The Sea gives up its hoarded Store,
Possessing all, he covets more.

O Gold ! attractive Gold ! in vain
Honour and Conscience wou'd restrain
Thy boundless universal Reign.

To thee each stubborn Virtue bends,
The Man oblig'd betrays his Friends ;
The Patriot quits his Country's Cause,
And sells her Liberty and Laws :
The Pious Prude's no longer nice,
And ev'n Lawn Sleeves can flatter Vice.

At thy too absolute Command,
Thy Zealots ranfack Sea, and Land :
Where'er thy Beams their Pow'r display,
The swarming Insects haste away,
To basque in thy refulgent Ray.

Now the bold Crew with prosp'rous Wind,
Leave the retreating Land behind ;
Fearless they quit their native Shore,
And *Albion's* Cliffs are seen no more.
Then on the wide *Atlantick* born,
Their Rigging, and their Tackle torn ;
Danger in various Shapes appears,
Sudden Alarms, and shiv'ring Fears.
Here, might some copious Bard dilate,
And show fierce *Neptune* drawn in state ;
While Guards of *Tritons* clear his way,
And *Nereids* round his Chariot play ;
Then bid the stormy *Boreas* rise,
And forky Light'ning cleave the Skies ;
The Ship nigh found'ring in the Deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy Steep :
Describe the Monsters of the Main,
The *Phocæ*, and their finny Train,
Tornado's, Hurricanes, and Rain,

Spouts, Shoals, and Rocks of dreadful size,
And Pyrates lurking for their Prize;
Amazing Miracles rehearse,
And turn all *Dampier* into Verse.
My negligent, and humble Muse,
Less ambitious Aims pursues;
Content with more familiar Phrase,
Nor deals in such embroider'd Lays;
Pleas'd if my Rhime just Measure keeps,
And stretch'd at ease my Reader sleeps.
Hibernian Matrons thus of old,
Their soporifick Storys told;
To sleep in vain the Patient strove,
Perplex'd with Business, cross'd in Love;
'Till soothing Tales becalm'd his Breast,
And lull'd his troubled Soul to rest.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all Day, they snor'd all Night:
And after many Moons were past,
They made the wish'd-for Shores at last.

Frank

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Frank with his Cargo in his Hand,
Leap'd joyful on the Golden Strand;
Open'd his Toyshop in the Port,
Trinkets of various Size, and Sort;
Bracelets, and Combs, Bodkins, and Tweezers,
Bath-mettle Rings, and Knives, and Scissers;
And in one lucky Day got more
Than *Bubble-Boy* in half a score.
For *Fortune* now no longer coy,
Smile'd on her darling fav'rite Boy;
No longer from his Arms retir'd,
But gave him all his Heart desir'd.
Ah! thoughtless Youth! in time beware,
And shun the treach'rous Harlot's Snare;
The wiser Savages behold,
Who truck not Liberty for Gold;
Proof against all her subtil Wiles,
Regardless of her Frowns, or Smiles;
If frugal Nature wants Supplies,
The Lance, or Dart, unerring flies:

The Mountain Boar their Prey descends,
Or the fat Kid regales their Friends ;
The jocund Tribe, from Sun to Sun,
Feast on the Prize their Valour won.
Cease, babbling Muse, thy vain Advice,
'Tis thrown away on Avarice :
Bid hungry Lions quit their Prey,
Or Streams that down the Mountains stray,
Divert their Course, return again,
And climb the Steep from whence they came.

Unblest with his ill-gotten Store,
Th' insatiate Youth still craves for more ;
To Counsel deaf, t' Examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find.
Now Master of a Vessel grown,
With all the glitt'ring Freight his own,
To *Fortune* still he makes his Court,
And coasts along from Port to Port.

Each rolling Tide brings fresh Supplies,
And Heaps on Heaps delight his Eyes.
Thro' *Panama's* delicious Bay,
The loaded Vessel ploughs her way ;
With the rich Freight oppress'd, she sails,
And summons all the friendly Gales.
Frank on her Deck triumphant stood,
And view'd the calm transparent Flood :
Let Book-learn'd Sots (said he) adore
Th' aspiring Hills that grace thy Shore ;
Thy verdant Isles, the Groves that bow
Their nodding Heads, and shade thy Brow ;
Thy Face serene, thy gentle Breast,
Where *Sirens* sing, and *Halcyons* rest :
Propitious Flood ! on me bestow,
The Treasures of thy Depths below ;
Which long in thy dark Womb have slept,
From Age to Age securely kept.

Scarce had he spoke, when, strange Surprize !

Th' indignant Waves in Mountains rise,

And Hurricanes invade the Skies ;

The Ship against the Shoals was struck,

And in 'a thousand Pieces broke ;

But one poor trusty Plank, to save

Its Owner from the wat'ry Grave :

On this he mounts, is cast on shore,

Half dead, a Bankrupt, as before :

Spiritless, fainting, and alone,

On the bare Beach he makes his Moan.

Then climbs the ragged Rocks, t' explore,

If ought was driving to the Shore,

The poor Remains of all his Store :

With greedy Diligence prepar'd

To save whate'er the Waves had spar'd.

But, oh ! the Wretch expects in vain

Compassion from the furious Main ;

Men, Goods, are sunk. Mad with Despair

He beat his Breast, he tore his Hair :

Then

Then leaning o'er the craggy Steep,
Look'd down into the boiling Deep;
Almost resolv'd to cast himself,
And perish with his dear, dear Pelf.

C A N T O V.

IF Heav'n the thriving Trader bless,
What fawning Crouds about him press?
But if he fail, distress'd, and poor,
His Mob of Friends are seen no more:
For all Men hold it meet to fly
Th' infectious Breath of Poverty.
Poor *Frank* deserted and forlorn,
Curfes the Day that he was born:
Each treach'rous Crony hides his Face,
Or starts whene'er he haunts the Place.
His Wealth thus lost, with that his Friends,
On *Fortune* still the Youth depends:
One Smile (said he) can soon restore
A Bankrupt Wretch, and give him more;

She

She will not sure refuse her Aid ?

Fallacious Hope ! for the false Jade

That very day took wing, was flown,

And on her wonted Journey gone,

(Intent her costly Goods to sell)

* From *Panama* to *Portobel*:

Five hundred Mules her Baggage bear,

And groan beneath the precious Ware,

The Goddess rides sublime in Air ;

And hence conveys a fresh supply,

For Pride, Debate, and Luxury.

Frank, when he heard th'unwelcome News,

Like a staunch Hound the Chace pursues,

Takes the same Rout, doubles his speed,

Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide Waste, thro' pathless ways,

The solitary Pilgrim strays ;

* This is the Road the King of *Spain's* Treasure is carried over the Isthmus of *Darien*.

Now

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Now on the swampy defart Plain,
Thro' Brakes of * Mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the Hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the Torrid Zone.
With Berries, and green Plantains, fed,
On the parch'd Earth he leans his Head;
Fainting with Thirst, to Heav'n he cries,
But finds no Stream but from his Eyes.
Ah Wretch ! thy vain Laments forbear,
And for a worse Extreme prepare ;
Sudden the low'ring Storms arise,
The bursting Thunder rends the Skies,
Aslant the ruddy Light'ning flies ;
Darts thro' the Gloom a transient Ray,
And gives a short, but dreadful Day :
With pealing Rain the Woods resound,
Convulsions shake the solid Ground.

* A sort of Brier in the *West-Indies* very troublesome to Travellers.

Benumb'd

Benumb'd with Cold, but more with Fear,
Strange Phantoms to his Mind appear,
The Wolves around him howl for Food,
The rav'nous Tygers hunt for Blood,
And Canibals more fierce than they,
(Monsters who make Mankind their Prey)
Riot, and feast on human Gore,
And still insatiate thirst for more.
Half dead at every Noise he hears,
His Fancy multiplies his Fears ;
What e'er he read or heard of old,
What e'er his Nurse or *Crusoe* told,
Each tragick Scene his Eyes behold :
Things past as present Fear applies,
Their Pains he bears, their Deaths he dies.

At length the Sun began to peep,
And gild the Surface of the Deep,

Then

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Then on the reeking Moisture fed,
The scatter'd Clouds before him fled,
The Rivers shrunk into their Bed :
Nature revives ; the feather'd Throng
Salute the Morning with a Song.
Frank with his Fellow-Brutes arose,
Yet dreaming still he saw his Foes,
Reels to and fro, laments, and grieves,
And starting, doubts if yet he lives.
At last his Spirits mend their pace,
And Hope fat dawning on his Face ;
Ev'n such is Human Life (said he)
A Night of Dread, and Misery,
'Till Heav'n relents, relieves our Pain,
And Sun-shine Days return again.
O *Fortune!* who dost now bestow
Frowning, this bitter Cup of Woe,
Do not thy faithful Slave destroy,
But give th' Alternative of Joy.

Then

Then

Then many a painful step he takes,
O'er Hills and Vales, thro' Woods, and Brakes :
No sturdy desp'rate Buccaneer
E'er suffer'd Hardships more severe.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No Dangers can divert his Mind ;
His tedious Journey he pursues,
At last his Eye transported views
Fair *Portobel*, whose rising Spires
Inflame his Heart with new Desires.
Secure of *Fortune's* Grace, he smiles,
And flatt'ring Hope the Wretch beguiles.
Tho' Nature calls for Sleep and Food,
Yet stronger Avarice subdu'd ;
Ev'n shameful Nakedness, and Pain,
And Thirst and Hunger plead in vain :
No rest he gives his weary Feet,
Fortune he seeks from Street to Street ;
Careful in ev'ry Corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,

Where-

Wherever busy Crouds resort,
The Change, the Market, and the Port ;
In vain he turns his Eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found ;
The Jilt not many Hours before,
With the Plate Fleet had left the Shore :
Laughs at the cred'lous Fool behind,
And joyful skuds before the Wind.
Poor *Frank* forsaken on the Coast,
All his fond Hopes at once are lost.
Aghast the swelling Sails he views,
And with his Eye the Fleet pursues,
'Till lessen'd to his weary'd Sight,
It leaves him to Despair, and Night.
So when the faithless *Theseus* fled
The *Cretan* Nymph's deserted Bed,
Awak'd, at distance on the Main,
She view'd the prosp'rous perjur'd Swain,
And call'd th' avenging Gods in vain.

Prostrate on Earth till Break of Day
Senseless, and motionless he lay,
"Till Tears at last find out their way ;
Gush like a Torrent from his Eyes,
In Bitterness of Soul (he cries)
" O *Fortune!* now too late I see,
" Too late, alas ! thy Treachery.
" Wretch that I am, abandon'd, lost,
" About the World at random tost,
" Whither, oh whither shall I run ?
" Sore pinch'd with Hunger, and undone.
" In the dark Mines go hide thy head
" Accurs'd, exchange thy Sweat for Bread,
" Skulk underground, in Earth's dark Womb
" Go Slave, and dig thy self a Tomb :
" There's Gold enough ; pernicious Gold !
" To which long since thy Peace was sold ;
" Vain helpless Idol ! canst thou save
" This shatter'd Carcass from the Grave ?

" Rest.

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- " Restless Disturber of Mankind,
" Canst thou give Health, or Peace of Mind ?
" Ah no, deceiv'd the Fool shall be
" Who puts his Confidence in thee.
" Fatally blind, my native Home
" I left, in this rude World to roam ;
" O Brother ! shall I view no more
" Thy Peaceful Bow'rs ? fair *Albion's* Shore ?
" Yes (if kind Heav'n my Life shall spare)
" Some happy Moments yet I'll share,
" In thy delightful blest Retreat,
" With thee condemn the Rich, and Great ;
" Redeem my Time mispent, and wait
" Till Death relieve th' Unfortunate.

Adversity, sage useful Guest,
Severe Instructor, but the best ;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below ;

T

Right

Right Reason's ever faithful Friend,
To thee our haughty Passions bend ;
Tam'd by thy Rod (poor *Frank*) at last,
Repents of all his Follies past;
Resign'd, and patient to endure
Those Ills, which Heav'n alone can cure.
With vain Pursuits and Labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to revisit yet once more,
Poor Prodigal ! his native Shore.
In the next Ship for *Britain* bound,
Glad *Frank* a ready Passage found ;
Nor Vessel now, nor Freight his own,
He fears no longer *Fortune's* Frown ;
No Property but Life his Share,
Life a frail Good not worth his Care ;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry Mariner and gay,
He hands the Sails, and jokes all day.

At Night no Dreams disturb his Rest,

No Passions riot in his Breast,

For having nothing left to lose,

Sweet and unbroken his Repose :

And now fair *Albion's* Cliffs are seen,

And Hills with fruitful Herbage green :

His Heart beats quick, the Joy that ties

His falt'ring Tongue bursts from his Eyes.

At length thus hail'd the well-known Land,

And kneeling, kiss'd the happy Strand.

" And do I then draw native Air,

" After an Age of Toil and Care ?

" O welcome Parent Isle ! no more

" The Vagrant shall desert thy Shore,

" But flying to thy kind Embrace,

" Here end his Life's laborious Race.

So when the Stag, intent to rove,

Quits the safe Park, and shelt'ring Grove,

Tops the high Pale, strols unconfin'd,

And leaves the lazy Herd behind,

Blest in his happy Change a while,
Corn Fields, and flow'ry Meadows smile,
The pamper'd Beast enjoys the Spoil ;
'Till on the next returning Morn,
Alarm'd, he hears the fatal Horn ;
Before the staunch, blood-thirsty Hounds,
Panting o'er Hills unknown he bounds,
With Clamour ev'ry Wood resounds :
He creeps the thorny Brakes with pain,
He seeks the distant Stream in vain,
And now, by sad Experience wise,
To his dear Home the Rambler flies ;
His old Inclosure gains once more,
And joins the Herd, he scorn'd before.

Nor are his Labours finish'd yet,
Hunger, and Thirst, and Pain and Sweat,
And many a tedious Mile remains,
Before his Brother's House he gains.

Without one Doit his Purse to bless,
Nor very elegant his Dress ;
With a tarr'd Jump, a crooked Batt,
Scarce one whole Shoe, and half a Hat ;
From Door to Door the Stroler skip'd,
Sometimes reliev'd, but oftner whip'd :
Sun-burnt, and ragged on he fares,
At last the Mansion-House appears,
Timely Relief for all his Cares.
Around he gaz'd, his greedy Sight,
Devours each Object with delight ;
Thro' each known Haunt transported roves,
Gay smiling Fields, and shady Groves,
Once conscious of his youthful Loves.
About the Hospitable Gate
Crouds of dejected Wretches wait ;
Each day kind *Bob's* diffusive Hand,
Chear'd and refresh'd the tatter'd Band,
Proud the most God-like Joy to share,
He fed the Hungry, cloath'd the Bare.

Frank amongst these his Station chose,
With Looks revealing inward Woes ;
When lo! with Wonder and Surprize,
He saw Dame *Fortune* in disguise ;
He saw, but scarce believ'd his Eyes.
Her fawning Smiles, her tricking Air,
Th' egregious Hypocrite declare ;
A Gypsy's Mantle round her spread
Of various Dye, White, Yellow, Red ;
Strange Feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
And with her Cant amus'd the Croud :
There ev'ry day impatient ply'd,
Push'd to get in, but still deny'd ;
For *Bob*, who knew the subtle Whore,
Thrust the false Vagrant from his Door.
But when the Stranger's Face he view'd,
With no deceitful Tears bedew'd,
His boding Heart began to melt,
And more than usual Pity felt :

He trac'd his Features o'er and o'er,
That spoke him better born, tho' poor,
Tho' cloath'd in Rags, genteel his Mien,
That Face he somewhere must have seen ;
Nature at last reveals the Truth,
He knows, and owns the hapless Youth.
Surpriz'd, and speechless, both embrace,
And mingling Tears o'erflow each Face ;
'Till *Bob*, thus eas'd his lab'ring Thought,
And this Instructive Moral taught.

Welcome (my Brother) to my longing Arms,
Here on my Bosom rest secure from Harms ;
See *Fortune* there, that false delusive Jade,
To whom thy Pray'rs, and ardent Vows, were paid ;
She (like her Sex) the fond Pursuer flies,
But slight the Jilt, and at thy Feet she dies.
Now safe in Port, indulge thy self on Shore,
Oh tempt the faithless Winds and Seas no more ;

Let unavailing Toils, and Dangers past,
 Tho' late, this useful Lesson teach at last,
 True Happiness is only to be found
 In a contented Mind, a Body sound,
 All else is Dream, a Dance on Fairy Ground :
 While restless Fools, each idle Whim pursue,
 And still one Wish obtain'd creates a new,
 Like froward Babes, the Toys they have, detest,
 While still the newest Trifle pleases best :
 Let us (my Brother) rich in Wisdom's store,
 What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more ;
 Subdue our Passions, curb their saucy Rage,
 And to ourselves restore the Golden Age.



The



The Devil Ourwitted :

T A L E.

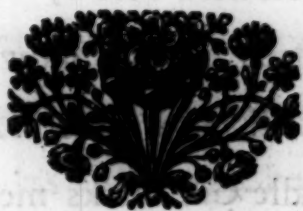
A Vicar liv'd on this side *Trent*,
Religious, Learn'd, Benevolent,
Pure was his Life, in Deed, Word, Thought,
A Comment on the Truths he taught:
His Parish large, his Income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithall;
For against ev'ry merry Tide,
Madam wou'd carefully provide.
A painful Pastor, but his Sheep,
Alas! within no Bounds would keep;
A scabby Flock, that ev'ry day
Run riot, and wou'd go astray.

He

He thumpt his Cushion, fretted, vext,
Thumb'd o'er again, each useful Text;
Rebuke'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His Parish was the more profane :
The Scrubs wou'd have their wicked Will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each Expedient fail'd,
And serious Measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The Force of Wit, and Raillery.
The good Man was by Nature gay,
Cou'd gibe, and joke, as well as pray ;
Not like some hide-bound Folk, who chace
Each merry Smile from their dull Face,
And think Pride Zeal, Ill-nature Grace.
At Christ'nings, and each jovial Feast,
He singled out the sinful Beast :
Let all his pointed Arrows fly,
Told this, and that, look'd very fly,
And left my Masters to apply.

His

His Tales were hum'rous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky Fictions, and sheer Wit,
That pierc'd, where Truth cou'd never hit.
The Laugh was always on his side,
While passive Fools by turns deride;
And gigling thus at one another,
Each jeering Lout reform'd his Brother;
'Till the whole Parish was with ease
Shame'd into Virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a Tale,
When *Chrysostome*, and *Austin* fail.





The Officious Messenger :

T A L E.

MAN of precarious Science vain,
 Treats other Creatures with disdain;
 Nor *Pug*, nor *Shock* have common Sense,
 Nor even *Pol.* the least Pretence,
 Tho' she prates better than us all,
 To be accounted rational.
 The Brute Creation here below,
 It seems, is Nature's Puppet-Show;
 But Clock-Work all, and meer Machine,
 What can these idle Gimcracks mean?
 Ye World-Makers of *Gresham-Hall*,
 Dog *Rover* shall confute ye all;

Shall

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Shall prove that ev'ry reas'ning Brute,
Like *B——n* of *B——g——r* can dispute;
Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
Or like proud *B——t——y* criticize:
At a moot Point, or odd Disaster,
Is often wiser than his Master.
He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true,
None are infallible but you.
The Dog whom nothing can mislead,
Must be a Dog of Parts indeed:
But to my Tale, hear me (my Friend)
And with due Gravity attend.

Rover (as Heralds are agreed)
Well-born, and of the Setting Breed;
Rang'd high, was stout, of Nose acute,
A very learn'd, and courteous Brute.
In par'llel Lines his Ground he beat,
Not such as in one Centre meet;

In

In those let blund'ring Doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.

When tainted Gales the Game betray,
Down close he sinks, and eyes his Prey:
Tho' diff'rent Passions tempt his Soul,
True as the Needle to the Pole,
Hek cepts his Point, and panting lies,
The floating Net above him flies,
Then dropping, sweeps the flutt'ring Prize.

Nor this his only Excellence,
When surly Farmers took offence,
And the rank Corn the Sport deny'd,
Still faithful to his Master's side,
A thousand pretty Pranks he play'd,
And chearful each Command obey'd :
Humble his Mind, tho' great his Wit,
Wou'd lug a Pig, or turn the Spit ;
Wou'd fetch, and carry, leap o'er Sticks,
And forty such diverting Tricks.

Nor

Nor *Partridge*, nor wise *Gadbury*,
Cou'd find lost Goods so soon as he ;
Bid him go back a Mile or more,
And seek the Glove you hid before,
Still his unerring Nose wou'd wind it,
If above Ground, was sure to find it ;
Whimp'ring for joy his Master greet,
And humbly lay it at his Feet.

But hold !—— It cannot be deny'd,
That useful Talents misapply'd,
May make wild Work. It happ'd one day,
'Squire *Lobb*, his Master, took his way,
New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighb'ring Knight ;
In his best Trowfers he appears,
(A comely Person for his Years)
And clean white Draw'rs, that many a day
In Lavender, and Rose-Cakes lay.

A-croſs his brawny Shoulders ſtrung,
 On his left ſide his Dagger hung;
 Dead-doing Blade! a dreadful Gueſt,
 Or in the Field, or at the Feaſt.
 No * *Franklin* carving of a Chine
 At *Chriſtide*, ever look'd ſo fine.
 With him obſequious *Rover* trudg'd,
 Nor from his Heels one moment budg'd:
 A while they travell'd, when within
 Poor *Lobb* perceiv'd a rumbling Din:
 Then warring Winds for want of vent,
 Shook all his earthly Tenement.
 So in the Body Politick,
 (For States ſometimes, like Men, are ſick)
 Dark Faction mutters thro' the Croud,
 E'er bare-fac'd Treason roars aloud:
 Whether crude Humours undigeſted,
 His lab'ring Entrails had infeſted,

* A ſubſtantial Country Gentleman in Days of yore.

Or

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Or last Night's Load of bottled Ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking Jayl :
The Cause of this his aukward Pain,
Let *J—nst—on*, or let *H—th* explain ;
Whose learned Noses may discover,
Why Nature's Stink-Pot thus ran over,
My Province is th' Effect to trace,
And give each Point its proper Grace,
Th' Effect, O lamentable Case!
Long had he struggled, but in vain,
The Factious Tumult to restrain :
What shou'd he do? the unruly Rout
Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The Trowfers soon his Will obey,
Not so his stubborn Drawers, for they
Beneath his hanging Paunch close ty'd,
His utmost Art, and Pains defy'd :
He drew his Dagger on the Spot,
Resolv'd to cut the *Gordian Knot*.

In the same Road just then pass'd by
(Such was the Will of Destiny)
The courteous Curate of the Place,
Good-Nature shone o'er all his Face ;
Surpriz'd the flaming Blade to view,
And deeming Slaughter must ensue,
Off from his Hack himself he threw.
Then without Ceremony seiz'd
The Squire, impatient to be eas'd.
Lord ! Master *Lobb*, who wou'd have thought
The Fiend had e'er so strongly wrought ?
Is Suicide so slight a Fault ?
Rip up thy Guts, Man ! What—go quick
To Hell ? outrageous Lunatick !
But— by the Blessing, I'll prevent
With this right Hand, thy foul Intent ;
Then gripe'd the Dagger fast : the Squire
Like * *Peleus*' Son look'd pale with Ire ;
While the good Man like *Pallas* stood,
And check'd his eager Thirst for Blood.

At last, when both a while had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with Zeal, the Conquest gain'd.
The Curate in all Points obey'd,
Into the Sheath returns the Blade:
But first th' unhappy Squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his Life no more.
With sage Advice his Speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, Friend *Lobb*? I own
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling Tide,
And Ills on Ills are multiply'd.
Subdu'd, and all his Measures broke,
His Purpose and Intent mistook;
Within his Draw'rs, alas! he found
His Guts let out without a Wound:
For, in the Conflict, straining hard,
He left his Postern Gate unbarr'd;
Most wofully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous Case, he sighs, he groans.

To lose his Dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be born;
Hunger (they say) Parent of Arts,
Will make a Fool a Man of Parts.
The sharp-set Squire resolves at last;
Whate'er befel him not to fast;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his Wits,
At last on this Expedient hits,
To the next Brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling, and mutt'ring all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky Day.
The Coast now clear, no Soul in view,
Off in a trice his Trowsers drew;
More leisurely his Draw'rs, for Care
And Caution was convenient there:
So fast the plaister'd Birdlime stuck,
The Skin came off with ev'ry pluck.

Sorely

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Sorely he gaul'd each brauny Ham,
Nor other Parts escap'd, which Shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Not without pain the Work atchiev'd,
He scrub'd, and wash'd, the Parts aggriev'd,
Then with nice Hand, and Look sedate,
Folds up his Draw'rs, with their rich Freight,
And hides them in a Bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden Treasure:
The trusty *Rover* lay hard by,
Observing all with curious Eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a Beau,
And Matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a Snake in merry *May*,
That just has cast his Slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the Green,
As he presum'd, both sweet and clean;
For oh! amongst us Mortal Elves,
How few there are smell out themselves?

With a Mole's Ear, and Eagle's Eye,
 And with a Blood-hound's Nose, we fly
 On others Faults implacably.
 But where's that Ear, that Eye, that Nose,
 Against its Master will depose?
 Ruddy Miss *Pru*, with Golden Hair,
 Stinks like a Pole-cat, or a Bear,
 Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made Hay.
 Lord *Plausible*, at *Tom's*, and *Will's*,
 Whose poisonous Breath in Whispers kills,
 Still buzzes in my Ear, nor knows
 What fatal Secrets he bestows.
 Let him destroy each Day a score,
 'Tis meer Chance-medly, and no more:
 In fine, Self-love bribes ev'ry Sense,
 And all at home is Excellence.

The Squire arriv'd in decent Plight,
 With Rev'rence due salutes the Knight;

Compliments past, the Dinner Bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious Knell
To greedy *Lobb*. Th' *Orphean* Lyre
Did ne'er such rapt'rous Joy inspire ;
Tho' this the savage Throng obey,
That Hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely Order now appear,
The Footmen loaded with good Chear,
Her Ladyship brought up the Rear :
Simpering she lisps, Your Servant, Sir——
The Ways are bad, one can't well stir
Abroad——or 'twere indeed unkind
To leave good Mrs. *Lobb* behind——
She's well I hope——Master, they say,
Comes on apace——How's Miss, I pray ?
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd, and mutt'ring low,
Made for his Chair, wou'd fain fall to.
These weighty Points adjusted, soon
My Lady brandishes her Spoon.

Unhappy *Lobb*, pleas'd with his Treat,
 And minding nothing but his Meat,
 Too near the Fire, had chose his Seat:
 When oh! th' Effluvioms of his Bum
 Begin amain to scent the Room,
 Ambrosial Sweets, and rich Perfume.
 The flick'ring Footman stop'd his Nose,
 The Chaplain too, under the Rose,
 Made aukward Mouths. The Knight took Stuff,
 Her Ladyship began to huff;
 " Indeed Sir *John*——pray good my Dear——
 " 'Tis wrong to make your Kennel here——
 " Dogs in their place are good I own——
 " But in the Parlour——foh! ——be gone.

Now *Rockwood* leaves th' unfinish'd Bone,
 Banish'd for Failings not his own;
 No Grace ev'n *Fidler* cou'd obtain,
 And Favourite *Virgin* fawn'd in vain.

The Servants to the Stranger kind,
Leave trusty *Rover* still behind;
But *Lobb*, who would not seem to be
Defective in Civility,
And for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his Brows, bids him get out:
By Signs expresses his Command,
And to the Door points with his Hand.
The Dog, or thro' mistake, or spight,
(Graye Authors have not set us right)
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the Bush soon found his Game;
Brought in his Mouth the fav'ry Load,
And at his Master's Elbow stood.
O *Lobb*, what Idioms can express,
Thy strange Confusion and Distress,
When on the Floor, the Draw'rs display'd,
The fulsome Secret had bewray'd?
No Traitor when his Hand and Seal
Produc'd, his dark Designs reveal,

E'er

The

E'er look'd with such a hanging Face,
As *Lobb* half-dead at this Disgrace.
Wild-staring, Thunder-struck, and Dumb,
While Peals of Laughter shake the Room;
Each Sash thrown up, to let in Air,
The Knight fell backward in his Chair,
Laugh'd till his Heart-strings almost break,
The Chaplain giggled for a Week;
Her Ladyship began to call,
For Hartshorn, and her *Abigail*;
The Servants chuckled at the Door,
And all was Clamour and Uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul Mistake,
Trusts to his Heels to save his Life;
The Squire sneaks home, and beats his Wife.





The Inquisitive Bridegroom:

A
T A L E.

FRank Plume, a Spark about the Town,
Now weary of Intriguing grown,

Thought it advisable to wed,

And chuse a Partner of his Bed,

Virtuous and Chaste—Ay right—but where

Is there a Nymph that's Chaste as Fair?

A Blessing to be priz'd, but rare.

For Continence, penurious Heav'n

With a too sparing Hand has given;

A Plant but seldom to be found,

And thrives but ill on *British* Ground.

Shou'd

Should our Advent'rer haste on board,

And see what foreign Soils afford ?

Where watchful Dragons guard the Prize,

And jealous Dons have *Argus*' Eyes,

Where the rich Casket close immur'd,

Is under Lock and Key secur'd ?

No——*Frank* by long Experience Wise,

Had known these Forts took by Surprise.

Nature in spite of Art prevail'd,

And all their Vigilance had fail'd.

The Youth was puzzled, should he go

And scale a Convent ? would that do !

Is Nuns-Flesh always good and sweet ?

Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.

Well——he resolves to do his best,

And prudently contrives this Test ;

If the last Favour I obtain,

And the Nymph yield, the Case is plain :

Marry'd, she'll play the same odd prank

With others——she's no Wife for *Frank*.

But

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But could I find a Female Heart
Impregnable to Force or Art,
That all my Batt'rys could withstand,
The Sap, and even Sword in hand;
Ye Gods! how happy should I be,
From each perplexing Thought set free,
From Cuckoldom, and Jealousy!
The Project pleas'd. He now appears,
And shines in all his killing Airs,
And ev'ry useful Toy prepares.
New Opera Tunes, and Billetdoux,
The clouded Cane, and Red-heel'd Shoes;
Nor the Clock-Stocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd Coat, and Shoulder-knot:
All that a Woman's Heart might move,
The potent Trumpery of Love.
Here Importunity prevails,
There Tears in Floods, or Sighs in Gales.

Now

But

Now in the lucky Moment try'd,
 Low at his Feet the Fair-one dy'd,
 For *Strephon* would not be deny'd.
 Then if no Motives could persuade,
 A Golden Show'r debauch'd the Maid,
 The Mistress truckled, and obey'd.
 To Modesty a sham Pretence
 Gain'd some, others Impertinence ;
 But most, plain downright Impudence.
 Like *Cæsar* now he conquer'd all,
 The Vassal Sex before him fall ;
 Where'er he march'd, Slaughter ensu'd,
 He came, he saw, and he subdu'd.
 At length a stubborn Nymph he found,
 For bold *Camilla* stood her ground ;
 Parry'd his Thrusts with equal Art,
 And had him both in Tierce, and Quart :
 She kept the Hero still in play,
 And still maintain'd the doubtful Day.

Here he resolves to make a stand,
Take her, and marry out hand.
The jolly Priest soon ty'd the Knot,
The luscious Tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his Pipe and Pot.
The Posset drunk, the Stocking thrown,
The Candles out, the Curtains drawn,
And Sir and Madam all alone ;
My Dear (said he) I strove, you know,
To taste the Joys you now bestow,
All my persuasive Arts I try'd,
But still relentless you deny'd ;
Tell me, inexorable Fair,
How cou'd you thus attack'd forbear ?
Swear to forgive what's past (she cry'd)
The naked Truth shan't be deny'd :
He did ; the Baggage thus reply'd :
Deceiv'd so many times before,
By your false Sex, I rashly swore,
To trust deceitful Man no more.

Bac-



Bacchus *Triumphant* :

A T A L E.

FOR shame (said *Ebony*) for shame,
Tom Ruby, troth you're much to blame,
 To drink at this confounded rate,
 To guzzle thus early and late.
 Poor *Tom*, who just had took his Whet,
 And at the Door his Uncle met,
 Surpriz'd and Thunder-struck, would fain
 Make his escape, but oh! in vain.
 Each Blush that glow'd with an ill Grace,
 Lighted the Flambeaux in his Face;
 No Loop-hole left, no slight Pretence,
 To palliate the foul Offence.

I own (said he) I'm very bad——
A Sot——incorrigibly mad ——
But Sir——I thank you for your Love,
And by your Lectures wou'd improve:
Yet give me leave to say, the Street
For Conference is not so meet.
Here in this Room—— nay, Sir, come in——
Expose, chastise me for my Sin;
Exert each Trope, your utmost Art,
To touch this senseless, flinty Heart.
I'm conscious of my Guilt, 'tis true,
But yet I know my Frailty too,
A slight Rebuke will never do.
Urge home my Faults——come in, I pray——
Let not my Soul be cast away.
Wife *Ebony*, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he cou'd,
These first Appearances of Grace,
Follow'd up Stairs, and took his place.

The Bottle and the Cruft appear'd,
And wily *Tom* demurely sneer'd.
My Duty, Sir — Thank you, kind *Tom* —
Again, an't please you — Thank you, come —
Sorrow is dry — I muſt once more —
Nay *Tom*, I told you at the Door
I wou'd not drink — What before Dinner? —
Not one Glaſs more, as I'm a Sinner —
Come, to the point in hand ; Is't fit
A Man of your good Senſe, and Wit,
Thoſe Parts which Heav'n beſtow'd, ſhou'd drown,
A Butt to all the Sots in Town ?
Why tell me, *Tom* — What Fort can ſtand
(Tho' regular, and bravely mann'd)
If night and day the fierce Foe plies
With never-ceaſing Batteries ;
Will there not be a Breach at laſt ?
Uncle, 'tis true — forgive what's paſt.
But if nor Intereſt, nor Fame,
Nor Health, can your dull Soul reclaim,

Haſt

Hast not a Conscience, Man? no Thought
Of an Hereafter? dear are bought
These sensual Pleasures. I relent,
Kind Sir——but give your Zeal a vent.
Then pouting hung his Head; yet still
Took care his Uncle's Glass to fill,
Which as his hurry'd Spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, Good Man, he drunk.
Each Pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old *Ebony* stuck to his Text,
Grown warm, like any Angel spoke,
Till intervening Hiccups broke
The well-strung Argument. Poor *Tom*
Was now too forward to reel home.
That preaching still, this still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,
Till both brim-full could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the Floor.

Bacchus, the Jolly God, who sate
Wide-straddling o'er his Tun in state,
Close by the Window side, from whence
He heard this weighty Conference ;
Joy kindling in his ruddy Cheeks,
Thus the indulgent Godhead speaks :
Frail Mortals know, Reason in vain
Rebels, and wou'd disturb my Reign.
See there the Sophister o'erthrown,
With stronger Arguments knock'd down
Than e'er in wrangling Schools were known !
The Wine that sparkles in this Glas,
Smooths ev'ry Brow, gilds ev'ry Face :
As Vapours when the Sun appears,
Far hence Anxieties and Fears,
Grave Ermin smiles, Lawn Sleeves grow gay,
Each haughty Monarch owns my Sway,
And Cardinals and Popes obey :

Ev'n *Cato* drank his Glass, 'twas I
Taught the brave Patriot how to die,
For injur'd *Rome* and *Liberty*.
'Twas I, who with immortal Lays
Inspir'd the Bard that sung his Praise.
Let dull unsociable Fools,
Loll in their Cells, and live by Rules ;
My Votaries, in gay Delight,
And Mirth, shall revel all the night ;
Act well their Parts on Life's dull Stage,
And make each Moment worth an Age.





The Night-Walker Reclaim'd.

A

T A L E.

IN those blest Days of Jubilee,
 When Pious *Charles* set *England* free
 From Canting, and Hypocrisy;
 Most graciously, to all restoring
 Their antient Privilege, of Whoring;
 There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
 The Son of an old Cavalier :
 Of antient Lineage was the Squire,
 A Man of mettle, and of fire ;
 Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
 Made a good Figure at a Ball,
 And only wanted Wherewithal.

His

His Pension was ill-paid, and strait,
Full many a Loyal Hero's Fate:
Often half starv'd, and often out
At Elbows, an hard Case, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky Main
Prudently manag'd in *Long-Lane*,
Repair'd the thred-bare Beau again ;
And now and then some secret Favours,
The kind Returns of pious Labours,
Enrich'd the strong, and vig'rous Lover,
His Honour liv'd a while in Clover.
For (to say truth) it is but just,
Where all things are decay'd but Lust,
That Ladys of maturer Ages,
Give Citron Water, and good Wages.

Thus far *Tom Wild* had made a shift,
And got good Helps at a dead lift ;
But *John*, his humble meagre Slave,
One Foot already in the Grave,

Hide-bound as one of *Pharaoh's* Kine,
With good Duke *Numps* was forc'd to dine :
Yet still the thoughtful serious Elf,
Wou'd not be wanting to himself;
Bore up against both Tide and Wind,
Turn'd ev'ry Project in his Mind,
And each Expedient weigh'd, to find
A Remedy in this Distress.
Some God, (nay Sir, suppose no less,
For in this hard and knotty Case,
T' employ a God is no Disgrace ;
Tho' *Mercury* be sent from *Jove*,
Or *Iris* wing it from above)
Some God, I say, inspir'd the Knave,
His Master and himself to save.

As both went supperless to Bed
One Night (first scratching of his Head)
“ Alas! (quoth *John*) Sir, 'tis hard Fare
“ To suck one's Thumbs, and live on Air ;

To

- “ To reel from Pillar unto Post,
“ An empty Shade, a walking Ghost ;
“ To hear one’s Guts make piteous Moan,
“ Those worst of Duns, and yet not one,
“ One mouldy Scrap to satisfy
“ Their craving Importunity.
“ Nay——Good your Honour please to hear,
(And then the Varlet drop’d a Tear)
“ A Project form’d in this dull Brain,
“ Shall set us all a-drift again ;
“ A Project, Sir, nay, let me tell ye,
“ Shall fill your Pockets, and my Belly.
“ Know then, *Old Gripe* is dead of late,
“ Who purchas’d at an easy Rate,
“ Your Mannor-House, and fine Estate.
“ Nay, stare not, Sir——by—— ’tis true
“ The Devil for once has got his due :
“ The Rascal has left ev’ry Penny,
“ To his old Maiden Sister *Jenny* ;

- “ Go, clasp the Doudy in your Arms,
“ Nor want you Bread, tho’ she want Charms :
“ Cajole the dirty Drab, and then
“ The Man shall have his Mare again ;
“ *Clod-Hall* is yours, your House, your Rents,
“ And all your Lands, and Tenements.
“ Faith, *John*, (said he) (then lick’d his Chops)
“ This Project gives indeed some Hopes :
“ But cursed hard the Terms, to marry,
“ To stick to one, and never vary ;
“ And that One old, and ugly too,
“ Frail Mortals tell me what to do ?
“ For that (said *John*) trust me, my Treat
“ Shan’t be one ill-dress’d Dish of Meat ;
“ Let but your Honour be my Guest,
“ Variety shall crown the Feast.
“ ’Tis done, (reply’d *Tom Wild*) ’tis done,
“ The Flag hangs out, the Fort is won ;

“ Ne’er

“ Ne’er doubt my vigorous Attacks,
“ Come to my Arms, my * *Sycorax* ;
“ Bold in thy Right we mount our Throne,
“ And all the Island is our own.

Well—forth they rode both Squire and *John* ;
Here might a florid Bard make known,
His Horse’s Virtues, and his own ;
A thousand Prodigies advance,
Retailing every Circumstance.
But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be concise,
Shall let the courteous Reader guess
The Squire’s Accoutrements, and Dress.

Suppose we then, the gentle Youth
Laid at her Feet, all Love, all Truth ;

* Whoever has read *Dryden’s Tempest*, alter’d from *Shakespeare*, will need no Comment here.

Ha-

Haranguing it, in Verse and Prose,
A Mount her Forehead white with Snows,
Her Cheeks the Lilly, and the Rose;
Her Iv'ry Teeth, her Coral Lips
Her well-turn'd Ears, whose Ruby Tips
Afford a thousand Compliments,
Which he, fond Youth, profusely vents:
The pretty Dimple in her Chin,
The Den of Love, who lurks within.
But oh! the Lustre of her Eyes,
Nor Stars, nor Moon, nor Sun suffice,
He vows, protests, raves, sinks, and dies.
Much of her Breasts he spoke, and Hair,
In Terms most elegant, and rare;
Call'd her the Goddess he ador'd,
And in Heroick Fustian soar'd.
For tho' the Youth cou'd well explain
His Mind, in a more humble Strain;

Yet

Yet *Ovid*, and the Wits agree,
That a true Lover's Speech shou'd be
In Rapture, and in Simile.

Imagine now, all Points put right,
The Fiddles, and the Wedding-Night ;
Each noisy Steeple rock'd with Glee,
And ev'ry Bard sung merrily :
Gay Pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The Men all drunk, the Women kind ;
Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
Floating in Posset, and Strong Beer.

Come, Muse, thou flattern House-wife tell,
Where's our Friend *John* ? I hope he's well ;
Well ! Ay, as any Man can be,
With *Susan* in the Gallery.

Su. was a Lass buxom, and tight,
The Chamber-Maid, and Favourite ;
Juicy and young, just fit for Man,
Thus the sweet Dialogue began.

“ Lard

" Lard Sir (quoth *Su*) how brisk, how gay,

" How spruce our Master look'd to-day ?

" I'm sure no King was e'er so fine,

" No Sun more gloriously can shine.

" Alas (my Dear) all is not Gold

" That glisters, as I've read of old,

" And all the Wise and Learned say,

" The best is not without allay.

" Well, Master *John*, name if you can

" A more accomplish'd Gentleman.

" Beside (else may I never thrive)

" The best good-natur'd Squire alive.

John shrugg'd and shook his Head. " Nay sure

" You by your looking so demure.

" Have learnt some secret Fault ; if so,

" Tell me Good *John*, nay prithee do,

" Tell me I say, I long to know.

" Safe as thy Gold in thy strong Box,

" This Breast the dark Deposit locks,

" These

" These Lips no Secrets shall reveal.

" Well——let me first affix my Seal :

Then kiss'd the soft obliging Fair.

" But hold —— now I must hear you swear,

" By all your Virgin Charms below,

" No Mortal e'er this Tale shall know.

She swore, then thus the cunning Knave,

With Look most politick, and grave

Proceeds. " Why——faith and troth, dear *Su*.

" This Jewel has a Flaw, 'tis true ;

" My Master's gen'rous, and all that,

" Not faulty, but unfortunate.

" Why will you keep one in suspense ?

" Why teaze one thus ? Have Patience.

" The Youth has Failings, there's no doubt,

" And who (my *Suky*) is without ?

" But shou'd you tell——nay that I dread ——

" By Heav'n, and by my Maidenhead——

" Now speak, speak quick. He who denies,

" Those pouting Lips, those roguish Eyes,

" Must

- " Must sure be more than Man—then know,
" (My Dearest) since you'll have it so;
" My Master *Wild* not only talks
" Much in his Sleep, but also walks;
" Walks many a Winter Night alone,
" This way and that, up Stairs and down:
" Now if disturb'd, if by Surprise
" He's rous'd, and Slumbers quit his Eyes;
" Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
" To speak it, thrice beneath the Bed,
" Alas! to save my Life I fled:
" And twice behind the Door I crept,
" And once out of the Window leapt.
" No raging Bedlam just got loose,
" Is half so mad, about the House
" Frantick he runs; each Eye-Ball glares,
" He raves, he foams, he wildly stares;
" The Family before him flies,
" Whoe'er is overtaken dies.

" Opiates

“ Opiates, and breathing of a Vein,
“ Scarce settle his distemper’d Brain,
“ And bring him to himself again.
“ But if not cross’d, if let alone
“ To take his Frolick, and be gone ;
“ Soon he returns from whence he came,
“ No Lamb more innocent, and tame.

Thus having gain’d her Point, to bed
In haste the flick’ring *Gipsy* fled ;
The pungent Secret in her Breast
Gave such sharp Pangs, she cou’d not rest :
Prime’d, charg’d, and cock’d, her next Desire
Was to present, and to give fire.
Sleepless the tortur’d *Susan* lay,
Tossing, and tumbling every way,
Impatient for the Dawn of Day.
So labours in the sacred Shade,
Full of the God, the *Delphick* Maid :

So Wind in Hypochondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a Vent;
In Lab'rinth intricate it roars,
Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
Th' uneasy Patient groans in vain,
No Cordials can relieve his Pain;
'Till at the Postern Gate, enlarg'd,
The bursting Thunder is discharg'd.
At last the happy Hour was come,
When call'd into her Lady's Room;
Scarce three Pins stuck into her Gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the Secret lies,
From Mouth to Mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in Strength and Size:
For Fame at first of Pigmy Birth,
Walks cautiously on Mother Earth;
But soon (as antient Bards have said)
In Clouds the Gyant hides her Head.

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To Council now the Gossips went,
Madam herself was President;
Th' Affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much Breath is spent, few Conquests won.
At length Dame *Hobb*, to end the Strife,
And Madam *Blouse* the Parson's Wife,
In this with one Consent agree,
That since th' Effect was Lunacy
If wake'd, it were by much the best,
Not to disturb him in the least:
Ev'n let him ramble if he please,
Troth, 'tis a comical Disease;
The worst is to himself, when cold
And shiv'ring he returns, then fold
The Vagrant in your Arms; he'll rest
With Pleasure on your glowing Breast.
Madam approv'd of this Advice,
Issu'd her Orders in a trice;
That none henceforth presume to stir,
Or thwart th' unhappy Wanderer.

John, when his Master's Knock he heard,
Soon in the Dressing-Room appear'd,
Archly he look'd, and slyly leer'd.
What Game? (says *Wild*) Oh! never more,
Pheasants, and Partridge in great store;
I wish your Ammunition last:
And then reveal'd how all had pass'd.
Next thought it proper to explain
His Plot, and how he laid his Train:
The Coast is clear, Sir, go in Peace,
No Dragon guards the Golden Fleece.
Here, Muse, let fable Night advance,
Describe her State with Elegance;
Around her dark Pavilion spread
The Clouds, with Poppies crown her Head:
Note well her Owls, and Batts obscene,
Call her an *Ethiopian* Queen;
Or if you think 'twill mend my Tale,
Call her a Widow with her Veil:

Of Specters, and Hobgoblins tell,
Or say 'twas Midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then——'twas Midnight, as was said,
When *Wild* starts upright in his Bed,
Leaps out, and without more ado,
Takes in his Room a turn or two ;
Opening the Door, soon out he stalks,
And to the next Apartment walks ;
Where on her Back there lay poor *Su*.
Alas! Friend *John*, the dreamt of you.
Wake'd with the Noise, her Master known,
By Moon-Light, and his Brocade Gown,
Frighted she dares not scream, in Bed
She sinks, and down she pops her Head ;
The Curtains gently drawn, he springs
Between the Sheets, then closely clings.
Now Muse, relate what there he did ;
Hold, Impudence——it must be hid——
He did——as any Man wou'd do
In such a Case——Did he not, *Su* ?

Then up into the Garret flies,
 Where *Joan*, and *Dol*, and *Betty* lies;
 A Leach of Lasses all together,
 And in the Dog-Days——in hot Weather;
 Why Faith 'twas hard——he did his best,
 And left to Providence the rest.
 Content the passive Creatures lie,
 For who in Duty cou'd deny?
 Was Non-Resistance ever thought
 By modern Casuists a Fault?
 Were not her Orders strict and plain?
 All strugg'ling, dangerous and vain?
 Well, down our Younker trips again;
 Much wishing, as he reel'd along,
 For some rich Cordial warm and strong.
 In Bed he quickly tumbled then,
 Nor wake'd next Morn till after Ten.
 Thus Night by Night, he led his Life,
 Blessing all Females but his Wife;

Much

Much Work upon his hands there lay,
More Bills were drawn than he cou'd pay;
No Lawyer drudg'd so hard as he,
In *Easter Term*, or *Hillary*;
But Lawyers labour for their Fee:
Here no Self-Interest or Gain,
The Pleasure ballances the Pain.
So the Great Sultan walks among
His Troop of Lasses Fair, and Young:
So the Town-Bull in *Opentide*,
His lowing Lovers by his side,
Revels at large in Nature's Right,
Curb'd by no Law, but Appetite;
Frisking his Tail, he roves at pleasure,
And knows no Stint, and keeps no Measure.

But now the ninth revolving Moon,
(Alas! it came an Age too soon;
Curse on each hasty fleeting Night)
Some odd Discoveries brought to light.

Strange Timpanies the Women seize,
An Epidemical Disease;
Madam herself with these might pass
For a clean shape'd, and taper Lass,
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent Load,
For Hoops were not then *A-la-mode*;
Su. being question'd, and hard press'd,
Blubb'ring the naked Truth confess'd:
Were not your Orders most severe,
That none shou'd stop his Night-Career?
And who durst wake him? Troth not I,
I was not then prepar'd to die.
Well *Su.* (said she) thou shalt have Grace,
But then this Night, I take thy Place,
Thou mine, my Night-Clothes on thy Head,
Soon shall he leave thee safe in Bed:
Lie still, and stir not on thy Life,
But do the Pennance of a Wife;
Much Pleasure hast thou had, at last
'Tis proper for thy Sins to fast.

This

This Point agreed, to Bed she went,
And *Su.* crept in, but ill-content:
Soon as th' accustom'd Hour was come,
The Younker fally'd from his Room,
To *Su's* Apartment whipt away,
And like a Lion seiz'd his Prey;
She clasp'd him in her longing Arms,
Sharp-set, she feasted on his Charms.
He did whate'er he cou'd, but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain wou'd he now elope, she clasp'd
Him still, no Burr e'er stuck so fast.
At length the Morn with envious Light
Discover'd all, in what sad Plight
Poor Man he lay! abash'd, for shame
He cou'd not speak, not ev'n one lame
Excuse was left. She with a Grace
That gave new Beauties to her Face;

And

And with a kind obliging Air,
 (Always successful in the Fair)
 Thus soon reliev'd him from Despair.
 Ah! gen'rous Youth, pardon a Fault,
 No foolish Jealousy has taught;
 'Tis your own Crime, open as Day,
 To your Conviction paves the Way.
 Oh! might this Stratagem regain
 Your Love! let me not plead in vain;
 Something to Gratitude is due,
 Have I not given All to you?
Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste
 Slipp'd on his Gown; yet thus at last
 Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood,
I will (my Dear) be very Good.





The Happy Disappointment:

A

T A L E.

I N Days of yore, when Belles, and Beaux,
Left Masquerades, and Puppet-shows,
Deserted Ombre, and Basset,
At *Jonathan's* to squeeze and sweat;
When sprightly Rakes forsook *Champaign*,
The Play-House, and the merry Main,
Good Mother *Wyburn*, and the Stews,
To smoke with Brokers, stink with *Jews* :
In fine, when all the World run mad,
(A Story not less true than sad)
Ned Smart, a virtuous Youth, well known
To all this Chaste and Sober Town,

Got

Got ev'ry Penny he could rally,
 To try his Fortune in *Change-Alley* :
 In haste to loll in Coach and Six,
 Bought Bulls, and Bears, plaid twenty Tricks,
 Amongst his Brother Lunaticks.
 Transported at his first Success,
 A thousand Whims his Fancy blest,
 With Scenes of future Happiness.
 How frail are all our Joys below?
 Meer dazling Meteors, Flash, and Show !
 Oh Fortune ! false deceitful Whore !
 Caught in thy Trap with thousands more,
 He found his Rhino sunk and gone,
 Himself a Bankrupt, and undone.
Ned cou'd not well digest this Change,
 Forc'd in the World at large to range ;
 With *Babel's* Monarch turn'd to grass,
 Wou'd it not break an Heart of Brass ?
 'Tis vain to sob and hang the Lip,
 One Penny left he buys a Slip,

At

At once his Life, and Cares to lose,
Under his Ear he fits the Noose.
An Hook in an old Wall he spies,
To that the fatal Rope he ties :
Like *Curtius* now, at one bold Leap,
He plung'd into the gapeing Deep ;
Nor did he doubt in Hell to find,
Dealings more just, and Friends more kind.
As he began to twist, and spraul,
The loosen'd Stones break from the Wall ;
Down drops the Rake upon the Spot,
And after him an earthen Pot :
Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,
And saw the Crock lie on the ground ;
Surpriz'd, amaz'd, at this odd sight,
Trembling, he broke it in a fright ;
When lo ! at once came pouring forth,
Ingots, and Pearls, and Gems of Worth.
O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind Bequest,
He took the Birds, but left the Nest ;

And

And then to spy what might ensue,
Into a neighbouring Wood withdrew ;
Nor waited long. For soon he sees,
A tall black Man skulk thro' the Trees ;
He knew him by his shuffling Pace,
His thread-bare Coat, and hatchet Face :
And who the Devil should it be,
But sanctify'd Sir *Timothy* !
His Uncle, by his Mother's side,
His Guardian, and his faithful Guide.
This driv'ling Knight, with Pockets full,
And proud as any Great Mogul,
For his wife Conduct had been made
Director of the Jobbing Trade ;
And had most piously drawn in
Poor *Ned*, and all his nearest Kin.
The greedy Fools laid out their Gold,
And bought the very Stock he sold ;
Thus the kind Knave convey'd their Pelf,
By *Hocus Pocus*, to himself ;

And

And to secure the Spoils he got,
Form'd this Contrivance of the Pot.
Here ev'ry Night, and ev'ry Morn,
Devout as any Monk new shorn,
The prostrate Hypocrite implores
Just Heav'n to bless his hidden Stores;
But when he saw dear Mammon floun,
The plunder'd Hive, the Honey gone,
No jilted Bully, no bilk'd Hack,
No Thief, when Beadles flay his Back,
No loseing Rook, no carted Whore,
No Sailor when the Billows roar,
With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore. }
Then as he pore'd upon the Ground,
And turn'd his haggard Eyes around,
The Halter at his Feet he spy'd,
And is this all that's left? (he cry'd)
Am I thus paid for all my Cares,
My Lectures, Repetitions, Prayers?

'Tis well — there's something fav'd at least,
Welcome thou faithful, friendly Guest;
If I must hang, now all is lost,
'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
To do it at my own Expence,
Wou'd be downright Extravagance:
Thus comforted, without a Tear,
He fix'd the Noose beneath his Ear,
To the next Bough the Rope he ty'd,
Then P——s'd, B——t himself, and dy'd.
Ned, who behind a spreading Tree,
Beheld this Tragi-comedy,
With hearty Curses rung his Knell,
And bid him thus his last-Farewell.
Was it not, Uncle, very kind,
In me, to leave the Rope behind?
A Legacy so well bestow'd,
For all the Gratitude I ow'd.
Adieu, Sir *Tim*. by Heav'n's Decree,
Soon may thy Brethren follow thee,

In the same glorious manner swing,
Without one Friend to cut the String;
That hence Rapacious Knaves may know,
Justice is always Sure, tho' Slow.



A Padlock for the Mouth:

A

T A L E.

Jack Dimple was a merry Blade,
Young, Am'rous, Witty, and Well-made;
Discreet?—Hold Sir—nay, as I live,
(My Friend) you're too Inquisitive:
Discretion, all Men must agree,
Is a most shining Quality,
Which like Leaf-gold makes a great show,
And thinly spread sets off a Beau.

In

Z

But.

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But Sir, to put you out of pain,
 Our Younker had not half a grain,
 A leaky Blab, rash, faithless, vain.
 The Victories his Eyes had won,
 As soon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
 For Trophies rear'd, the Deed proclaim,
 Spoils hung on high expose the Dame,
 And Love is sacrific'd to Fame.
 Such Insolence the Sex alarms,
 The Female World is up in Arms;
 Th' outrageous *Bacchanals* combine,
 And brandish'd Tongues in Concert join.
 Unhappy Youth! where wilt thou go
 T' escape so terrible a Foe?
 Seek Shelter on the *Lybian* Shore,
 Where Tygers, and where Lions roar?
 Sleep on the Borders of the *Nile*,
 And trust the wily Crocodile?
 'Tis vain to shun a Woman's Hate,
 Heavy the Blow, and sure as Fate.

Phillis

Phillis appear'd among the Croud,
 But not so talkative, and loud,
 With Silence and with Care suppress'd
 The glowing Vengeance in her Breast,
 Resolv'd by Stratagem, and Art,
 To make the saucy Villain smart.
 The cunning Baggage had prepar'd
 Pomatum, of the finest Lard,
 With strong Astringents mix'd the Mess,
 Alom, and Vitriol, *Q. S.*
 Arsnick, and Bole. But I want Time
 To turn all *Quincy* into Rhime,
 'Twou'd make my Diction too sublime.
 Her Grandame this Receipt had taught,
 Which *Bendo* from *Grand Cairo* brought,
 An able Stiptick (as tis said)
 To fodder a crack'd M——d.
 This Ointment being duly made,
 The Jilt upon her Toylet laid:

The faunt'ring Cully soon appears,
 As usual, Vows, Protefts, and Swears;
 Careless an Op'ra Tune he hums,
 Plunders her Patch-Box, breaks her Combs.
 As up and down the Monkey plaid,
 His Hand upon the Box he laid,
 The fatal Box. Pleas'd with her Wiles,
 The Treacherous *Pandora* smiles.
 What's this, cries *Jack*? That Box (said she)
 Pomatum, what else should it be?
 But here 'tis fit my Reader knows
 'Twas *March*, when blust'ring *Boreas* blows,
 Stern Enemy to Belles, and Beaux.
 His Lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn,
 The Coral bristled like a Thorn.
 Pleased with a Cure so *à propos*,
 Nor jealous of so fair a Foe,
 The healing Ointment thick he spread,
 And ev'ry gapeing Cranny fed.

His

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His Chops begin to glow, and shoot,
He strove to speak, but oh! was mute,
Mute as a Fish, all he could strain,
Were some hoarse Gutt'als forc'd with pain,
He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,
The Tears ran trickling from his Eyes ;
He thought, but could not speak a Curse,
His Lips were drawn into a Purse,
Just like —— like what ? —— why like mine A ——
(Faith 'twas an entertaining Farce)
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant Joy bursts out amain ;
She laughs, she screams, the House is rais'd,
Thro' all the Street th' Affair is blaz'd :
In shoals now all the Neighbours come,
Laugh out, and press into the Room.
Sir *Harry Taudry*, and his Bride,
Miss *Tulip* deck'd in all her Pride ;
Wife Madam *Froth*, and Widow *Babble*,
Coquets, and Prudes, a mighty Rabble,

So great a Concourse ne'er was known
At *Smithfield*, when a Monster's shown ;
When Bears dance Jiggs with comely Mien,
When witty Punch adorns the Scene,
Or frolick Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he strives to hide his Head,
In vain he creeps behind the Bed,
Ferretted thence, expos'd to view,
The Croud their clam'rous Shouts renew :
A thousand Taunts, a thousand Jeers,
Stark dumb, the passive Creature hears.
No perjur'd Villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the Pillory,
His Face besmear'd, his Eyes, his Chops,
With rotten Eggs, and Turnip-tops,
Was e'er so maul'd. *Phillis*, at last,
To pay him for Offences past,
With sneering Malice in her Face
Thus spoke, and gave the *Coup de Grace* :

Lard !

Lard ! how demure, and how precise
He looks ! Silence becomes the Wise.
Vile Tongue ! its Master to betray,
But now the Pris'ner must obey,
I've lock'd the Door, and keep the Key.
Learn hence, what angry Woman can,
When wrong'd by that false Traytor Man ;
Who boasts our Favours, soon, or late,
The treach'rous Blab, shall feel our Hate.



The Wise Builder.

A

T A L E.

WISE *Socrates* had built a Farm,
Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
Secur'd from Rain and Wind :

Z 4

A

A Gallant whisper'd in his Ear,
Shall the Great *Socrates* live here?

To this mean Cell confin'd?

The Furniture's my chiefeſt Care,
Reply'd the Sage, here's room to ſpare,

Sweet Sir, for I and you;

When this with faithful Friends is fill'd,

An ampler Palace I ſhall build;

'Till then, this Cott muſt do.



The True Uſe of the Looking- Glaſs :

A

T A L E.

TOM *Careful* had a Son and Heir,
Exact his Shape, genteel his Air,
Adonis was not half ſo fair.

But

But then, alas! his Daughter *Jane*
Was but so, so, a little plain.
In Mam's Apartment, as one day
The little Romp, and Hoyden play,
Their Faces in the Glass they view'd,
Which then upon her Toyler stood;
Where, as *Narcissus* vain, the Boy
Beheld each rising Charm with Joy;
With partial Eyes survey'd himself,
But for his Sister, poor brown Elf,
On her, the self-enamour'd Chit
Was very lavish of his Wit.
She bore, alas! whate'er she cou'd,
But 'twas too much for Flesh and Blood;
What Female ever had the Grace
To pardon Scandal on her Face?
Disconsolate away she flies,
And at her Daddy's Feet she lies;
Sighs, Sobs, and Groans, calls to her Aid,
And Tears, that readily obey'd;

Then

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Then aggravates the vile Offence,
 Exerting all her Eloquence:
 The Cause th' indulgent Father heard,
 And *Culprit* summon'd soon appear'd;
 Some Tokens of Remorse he shew'd,
 And promis'd largely to be good.
 As both, the tender Father press'd
 With equal Ardour to his Breast,
 And smiling kiss'd, Let there be Peace,
 Said he, let Broils, and Discord cease:
 Each Day (my Children) thus employ
 The faithful *Mirror*; you, my Boy,
 Remember that no Vice disgrace,
 The Gift of Heav'n, that beauteous Face:
 And you, my Girl, take special care,
 Your want of Beauty to repair,
 By Virtue, which alone is Fair.

Ma-



*Mahomet Ali Beg : or,
The Faithful Minister of State.*

A Long Descent, and noble Blood,
Is but a vain fantastick Good,
Unless with inbred Virtues join'd,
An honest, brave, and gen'rous Mind.
All that our Ancestors have done,
Nations reliev'd, and Battels won;
The Trophies of each Bloody Field,
Can only then true Honour yield:
When, like *Argyle*, we scorn to owe,
And pay, that Lustre they bestow;
But, if a mean degen'rate Race,
Slothful we faint, and slack our Pace,
Lag in the glorious Course of Fame,
Their great Atchievements we disclaim.

Some

Some bold *Plebeian* soon shall rise,
Stretch to the Goal, and win the Prize.
For, since the forming Hand of old,
Cast all Mankind in the same Mold ;
Since no distinguish'd Clán, is blest
With finer Porcelain than the rest ;
And since in all the ruling Mind
Is of the same celestial kind ;
'Tis Education shows the way
Each latent Beauty to display ;
Each happy Genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in Shades of Night :
So Diamonds from the gloomy Mine,
Taught by the Workman's Hand to shine,
On *Cloe's* Iv'ry Bosom blaze,
Or grace the Crown with brilliant Rays.
Merit obscure shall raise its Head,
Tho' dark obstructing Clouds o'er-spread :
Heroes, as yet unsung, shall fight
For Slaves oppress'd, and injur'd Right ;

And

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And able Statesmen prop the Throne,
To * *Battel-Abbey-Roll* unknown.

Sha Abbas, with supreme Command
In *Persia* reign'd, and bless'd the Land ;
A mighty Prince, Valiant, and Wise,
Expert, with sharp, discerning Eyes,
To find true Virtue in Disguise.
Hunting (it seems) was his Delight,
His Joy by Day, his Dream by Night :
The Sport of all the Brave, and Bold,
From *Nimrod*, who in Days of old,
Made Men as well as Beasts his Prey,
To mightier GEORGE ; whose milder Sway,
Glad happy Crouds with pride obey.
In quest of his fierce Savage Foes,
Before the Sun the Monarch rose,

* A Record kept in *Battel-Abbey*, built on the Spot where
Harold was defeated, and which contain'd the Names of the
chief Men that came over with the Conqueror.

The

The griezly Lion to engage,
By baying Dogs provok'd to Rage;
In the close Thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled Boar :
Or to pursue the flying Deer,
While deep-mouth'd Hounds the Valleys chear ;
And Eccho from repeating Hills
His Heart with Joy redoubled fills.

Under a Rock's projecting Shade,
A Shepherd Boy his Seat had made,
Happy, as *Cræsus* on his Throne,
The Riches of the World his own :
Content on Mortals here below,
Is all that Heaven can bestow.
His Crook, and Scrip, were by him laid,
Upon his Oaten Pipe he play'd ;
His Flocks securely couch'd around,
And seem'd to listen to the Sound.

Returning from the Chace one day,
The King by chance had lost his Way ;
Nor Guards, nor Nobles, now attend,
But one young Lord his Bosom Friend.
Now tire'd with Labour, spent with Heat,
They sought this pleasant cool Retreat ;
The Boy leap'd active from his Seat,
And with a kind obliging Grace,
Offer'd the King unknown his Place.
The *Persian* Monarch, who so late,
Lord of the World, rul'd all in State ;
On Cloth of Gold, and Tissue trod,
Whole Nations trembling at his Nod ;
With Diamonds, and Rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning Slaves around ;
Behold him now : His Canopy
Th' impending Rock, each Shrub, each Tree,
That grew upon its shaggy Brow,
To their great Prince observant bow ;

Yield, as in Duty bound, their Aid,
And bless him with a friendly Shade.
On the bare Flint, he sits alone,
And oh! wou'd Kings this Truth but own,
The safer, and the nobler Throne:
But where do I digress? 'tis time
To check this Arrogance of Rhime.
As the judicious Monarch view'd
The Stripling's Air, nor bold, nor rude,
With native Modesty subdu'd;
The Blush that glow'd in all its pride,
Then trembled on his Cheeks, and dy'd.
He grew inquisitive to trace
What Soul dwelt in that lovely Case:
To ev'ry Question serious, gay,
The Youth reply'd without delay;
His Answers for the most part right,
And taking, if not apposite:
Unstudy'd, unaffected Sense,
Mix'd with his native Diffidence.

The King was charm'd with such a Prize,
And stood with wonder in his Eyes;
Commits his Treasure to the care
Of the young Lord; bids him not spare
For Cost, or Pains, t' enrich his Breast
With all the Learning of the *East*.
He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,
And with his Patron's Children bred;
Still every day the Youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.

Now the first curling Down began
To give the Promise of a Man;
To Court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower Posts, yet still he gain'd
By Candour, Courtesy, and Skill,
The Subjects Love, the King's Good-Will.
Employ'd in greater Matters now,
No Flatteries, no Bribes cou'd bow

His stubborn Soul ; true to his Trust,
Firm, and inexorably just,
In Judgment ripe, he soon became
A WALPOLE, or a WALSINGHAM ;
And wakeful for the publick Peace,
No Dragon guards the Golden Fleece
With half that Vigilance, and Care,
His busy Eyes kenn'd ev'ry where ;
In each dark Scheme knew how to dive,
Tho' cunning *Dervises* contrive
Their Plots, disguis'd with Shams, and Lyes,
And cloak'd with real Perjurys.

Now high in Rank the Peer is place'd,
And *Ali Beg* with Titles grace'd ;
No Bounds his Master's Bountys know,
His swelling Coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to bestow ;
Perplex'd, and studious, to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give ;

His pious Frauds conceal the Name,
And skreen the modest Man from Shame.

Who e'er would heav'nly Treasures raise,
Must grant the Boon, escape the Praise.

But his immense, and endless Gain,
No private Charitys cou'd drain :

On publick Works he fix'd his Mind,
The zealous Friend of Human Kind.

Convenient Inns on each great Road,
At his own proper Costs endow'd,

To weary Caravans afford
Refreshment, both at Bed, and Board.

From *Thames*, the *Tiber*, and the *Rhine*,
Nations remote with *Ali* dine ;

In various Tongues his Bounty's blest,

While with Surprise the stranger Guest,

Does here on unbought Dainties feast :

See stately Palaces arise,

And gilded Domes invade the Skies.

Say Muse, what Lords inhabit here?
Nor fav'rite Eunuch, Prince, nor Peer:
The Poor, the Lame, the Blind, the Sick,
The Idiot, and the Lunatick.
He curb'd each River's swelling Pride,
O'er the reluctant murm'ring Tide
From Bank to Bank his Bridges stride.
A thousand gracious Deeds were done,
Bury'd in silence and unknown.

At length, worn out with Years, and Care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young Heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his stern Father kept in awe;
To the Seraglio's Walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the Converse of Mankind.
Strange Jealousy! a certain Rule,
To breed a Tyrant, and a Fool.
Still *Ali* was Prime Minister,
But had not much his Master's Ear;

Walk'd

Walk'd on unfaithful, slipp'ry Ground,
'Till an Occasion cou'd be found
To pick a Quarrel ; then no doubt,
As is the mode at Court——turn out.
Sha Sefi, among Eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led ;
Beardless, Half-men ! in whose false Breasts,
Nor Joy, nor Love, nor Friendship rests.
There Spight, and pineing Envy, dwell,
And rage as in their native Hell ;
For conscious of their own Disgrace,
Each Excellence they would debase,
And vent their Spleen on Human Race.
This *Ali* found. Strange senseless Lyes,
And inconsistent Calumnies,
They buz into the Monarch's Ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
Great Prince (said they) *Ali*, your Slave——
Whom we acknowledge Wise and Brave——

Yet pardon us——We can't but see
His boundless Pride, and Vanity :
His Bridges triumph o'er each Tide,
In their own Channels taught to glide,
Each Beggar, and each lazy Drone,
His Subject, more than yours, is grown :
And for a Palace leaves his Cell,
Where *Xerxes* might be proud to dwell,
His Inns for Travellers provide,
Strangers are lifted on his side :
In his own House how grand the Scene !
Tissues, and Velvets, are too mean,
Gold, Jewels, Pearls, unheard Expence !
Suspected, bold, Magnificence !
Whence can this Flood of Riches flow ?
Examine his Accounts, you'll know :
Your Eye on your Exchequer cast,
The Secret will come out at last,

Ali

Ali next Morn (for 'twas his way
To rise before the Dawn of Day,)
Went early to the Council-Board,
Prostrate on Earth, his King ador'd.
The King with Countenance severe,
Look'd sternly on his Minister :
Ali (said he) I have been told,
Great Treasures, both in Gems, and Gold,
Were left, and trusted to your care ;
'Mong these, one Gem exceeding rare,
I long to view ; which was, (they said
A Present from the Sultan made,
The finest that the World e'er saw,
White, large, and fair, without a flaw.
Th' unblemish'd *Ali* thus reply'd,
Great Sir ! it cannot be deny'd,
'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
The Great Mogul has not its peer.
Please it your Majesty, to go
Into the Treasury below,

You'll wonder at its piercing Ray,
The Sun gives not a nobler Day.
Together now they all descend;
Poor *Ali* had no other Friend,
But a Soul faithful to its Trust,
The sure Asylum of the Just.
In proper Classes now are seen
The Diamonds bright, and Emraulds green;
Pearls, Rubies, Saphirs next appear,
Dispos'd in Rows with nicest Care.
The King views all with curious Eyes,
Applauds with wonder, and surprize,
Their Order, and peculiar Grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The rest with envious Leer behold,
And stumble upon Bars of Gold.
Next in an Amber Box, is shown
The noblest Jewel of the Crown:
This, Sir, said he, (believe your Slave)
Is the fine Gem the Sultan gave;

Around

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Around it darts its Beams of Light,
No Comet e'er was half so bright.
The King with Joy the Gem admires,
Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
Ali (said he) with you I dine,
Your Furniture (I'm told) is fine.
Wife *Ali* for this Favour shew'd,
Humbly with lowest Rev'rence bow'd.

At *Ali's* House now ev'ry Hand
Is busy, at their Lord's Command ;
Where at th' appointed Hour resort
The King, and all his splendid Court.
Ali came forth his Prince to meet,
And lowly bowing, kiss'd his Feet.
On all his Compliments bestows,
Civil alike to Friends, and Foes.
The King impatient to behold
His Furniture of Gems, and Gold,

From

From Room to Room the Chace pursu'd,
With curious Eyes each Corner view'd,
Ransack'd th' Apartments o'er and o'er,
Each Closet search'd, unlock'd each Door ;
But all he found was plain, and coarse,
The meanest *Persian* scarce had worse :
These *Ali* for convenience bought,
Nor for expensive Trifles sought.
One Door a prying Eunuch spy'd,
With Bars and Locks well fortify'd,
And now secure to find the Prize,
Show'd it the King with joyful Eyes,
Ali (said he) that Citadel,
Is strong, and barricaded well ;
What have you there? *Ali* reply'd,
Oh, Sir, there's lodg'd my greatest Pride ;
There are the Gems I value most,
And all the Treasures I can boast.
All now convinc'd of his Disgrace,
Triumph appear'd in ev'ry Face.

The Monarch doubted now no more,
The Keys are brought, unlock'd the Door,
When lo! upon the Wall appear,
His Shepherd's Weeds hung up with Care,
Nor Crook, nor Scrip, was wanting there ;
Nor Pipe that tune'd his humble Lays,
Sweet Solace of his better Days !
Then bowing low, he touch'd his Breast,
And thus the wond'ring King addrest :
Great Prince ! your *Ali* is your Slave,
To you belong whate'er I have,
Goods, House, are yours, nay yours this Head,
For speak the Word, and I am dead :
These Moveables, and these alone,
I may with justice call my own.
Your Royal Sire, *Abbas the Great*,
Whom Nations prostrate at his Feet,
On Earth ador'd ; whose Soul at rest,
In Paradise a welcome Guest,

En-

* Enjoys its full, in fragrant Bow'rs,
Or wantons upon Beds of Flow'rs,
While the pure Stream, in living Rills,
From Rocks of Adamant distils,
And black-ey'd Nymphs attend his Nod,
Fair Daughters of that blest Abode :
By his Command, I left the Plain,
An humble, but contented Swain.
Nor sought I Wealth, nor Pow'r, nor Place,
All these were owing to his Grace ;
'Twas his meer Bounty made me great,
And fix'd me here, in this high Seat,
The Mark of Envy. Much he gave,
But yet of nought depriv'd his Slave :
He touch'd not these. Alas ! whose Spite,
Whose Avarice, would these excite ?
My old, hereditary Right.
Grant me but these (*Great Prince*) once more,
Grant me the Pleasure to be Poor,

* The *Turks* give such a Description of the *Paradise* they expect.

This

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This Scrip, these homely Weeds I'll wear,

The bleating Flocks shall be my Care;

Th' Employ, that did my Youth engage,

Shall be the Comfort of my Age.

The King amaz'd at such a Scorn

Of Riches, in a Shepherd born;

How soars that Soul (said he) above

The Courtier's Hate, or Monarch's Love!

No Pow'r such Virtue can efface,

No jealous Malice shall disgrace.

Wealth, Grandeur, Pomp, are a meer Cheat,

But this, is to be truly Great.

While Tears ran trickling down his Face,

He clasp'd him in a close Embrace;

Then caus'd himself to be undrest,

And cloath'd him in his Royal Vest:

The greatest Honour he cou'd give,

Or *Persian* Subjects can receive.

The

*The Sweet-scented Miser.*

TELL me, (my noble gen'rous Friend)

With what Design, and to what End,

Do greedy Fools heap up with Care,

That Pelf, which they want Heart to share?

What other Pleasure can they know,

But to enjoy, or to bestow?

Acts of Benevolence and Love,

Give us a Taste of Heav'n above;

We imitate th' Immortal Pow'rs,

Whose Sun-shine, and whose kindly Show'rs,

Refresh the poor, and barren Ground,

And plant a Paradise around:

But this mean, sneaking Avarice,

Is a Collection of all Vice.

Where this foul Weed but taints the Place,

Nor Virtue grows, nor Worth, nor Grace;

The

The Soul a defart Wafte remains,
And ghafly Defolation reigns.
But where will thefe grave Morals tend ?
Pardon my Zeal, (dear courteous Friend ;)
The Province of my humbler Vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.

Gripe, from the Cradle to the Grave,
Was good for nothing, but to fave ;
Mammon his God, to him alone
He bow'd, and his fhort Creed was known :
On his Thumb-Nail it might be wrote,
A Penny fav'd 's a Penny got.
This rich poor Man, was jogging down,
Once on a time, from *London* Town ;
With him his Son, a handy Lad,
To drefs his Daddy ——or his Pad :
Among his Dealers he had been,
And all their ready Cafh swept clean.

Gripe,

Gripe, to save Charges on the Road,
At each good House cram'd in a Load;
With boili'd, and roast, his Belly fill'd,
And greedily each Tankard swill'd:
How savoury, how sweet the Meat!
How good the Drink when others treat!

Now on the Road, *Gripe* trots behind,
For weighty Reasons (as you'll find)
The Boy soon long'd to take a Whet,
His Horse at each Sign made a set,
And he, spurr'd on with great regret.
This the old Man observ'd with pain,
Ah! Son, said he, the way to gain
Wealth, (our chief Good) is to abstain;
Check each expensive Appetite,
And make the most of ev'ry Mite:
Consider well, my Child, O think
What Numbers are undone by Drink!

Hope

Hopeful young Men ! who might be great,
Die well, and leave a large Estate,
But by lewd Comrades led astray,
Guz'ling, piss all their Means away.

Tom Dash, of Parts acute, and rare,
Can split a Fraction to a hair ;
Knows *Wingate* better than his Creed,
Can draw strong Ale, or a weak Deed ;
By Precedents a Bond can write,
Or an Indenture Tripartite ;
Can measure Land, Pasture, or Wood,
Yet never purchas'd half a Rood.

Whom all these lib'ral Arts adorn,
Is he not rich ? as Sheep new shorn.
The Reason need not far be sought,
For Three Pence gain'd, he spends a Groat.

There's *Billy Blowse*, that merry Fellow,
So wond'rous witty when he's mellow ;
Ale, and Mundungus, in despite
Of Nature, make the Clown polite.

When those rich Steams chafe his dull Head,
What Flow'rs shoot up in that Hot-Bed!
His Jest^s when Fogs his Temples shrowd,
Like the Sun bursting thro' a Cloud,
Blaze out, and dazzle all the Crowd:
They laugh, each Wag's exceeding gay,
While he, poor Ninny! jokes away
By Night, whate'er he gets by Day.
To these Examples I might add,
A Squire or two, troth full as bad;
Who doom'd by Heaven for their Sins,
Mind nothing but their Nipperkins:
But these, at this time, shall suffice;
Be saving, Boy, that is, be wise.

Now, Muse, come hold thy Nose, and tell,
What doleful Accident befel;
His Horse set hard, an antient Hack,
That twice ten Years carry'd a Pack;

But

But such a Cargo ne'er before,
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His Bowels stufft with too much Meat,
He sat uneasy in his Seat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful Gripings gnaw'd below.
His Distance yet in hope to gain,
For the next Inn, he spurs amain;
In haste alights, and skuds away,
But Time and Tide for no Man stay.
No Means can save whom Heav'n has curst,
For out th' imperuous Torrent burst.
Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood,
And scrat his Head in pensive Mood:
But wisely judging 'twas in vain,
To make an Outcry, and complain,
Of a bad Bargain made the best,
And lull'd his troubled Soul to rest.
Back he return'd with rueful Face,
And shuffled thro' the House a-pace;

My Landlady screams out in haste,
Old Gentleman, Ho! — where so fast?
Before you go, pray pay your Shot,
This young Man here has drunk a Pot.
A Pot! said *Gripe*; Oh the young Rogue!
Ah ruinous, expensive Dog!
And mutt'ring Curses, in his Ear,
Look'd like a Witch with hellish Leer;
But finding 'twas in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his Catskin, paid the Debt.
This Point adjusted, on they fare,
Ambrosial Sweets perfume the Air:
The Younger, by the fragrant Scent,
Perceiving now how Matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, cou'd scarce contain,
And kept his Countenance with pain.
At last (he cries) now, Sir, an't please,
I hope you're better, and at ease.
Better, you Booby — 'tis all out —
What's out? (said he) you drunken Lout;

All in my Trowfers——well——no matter——
Not great——th' Expende of Soap and Water ;
This Charge——if Times are not too hard,
By Management may be repair'd :
But oh ! that damn'd confounded Pot !
Extravagant, audacious Sot ;
This, this indeed, my Soul does grieve,
There's Two-pence lost without retrieve.



The Incurious Bench.

AT *Jenny Mann's*, where Heroes meet,
And lay their Laurels at her Feet ;
The modern *Pallas*, at whose Shrine
They bow, and by whose Aid they dine ;
Col'nel *Brocade*, among the rest
Was ev'ry day a welcome Guest.

One Night as carelessly he stood,
 Chearing his Reins before the Fire,
 (So ev'ry true-born *Briton* shou'd)
 Like that he chafe'd, and fume'd, with Ire.
Jenny, (said he) 'tis very hard,
 That no Man's Honour can be spar'd;
 If I but sup. with Lady Dutchess,
 Or play a Game at Ombre, such is
 The Malice of the World, 'tis said,
 Altho' his Grace lay drunk in bed,
 'Twas I that caus'd his akeing Head.
 If Madam *Doodle* wou'd be witty,
 And I am summon'd to the City,
 To play at Blind-Man's-Buff, or so,
 What won't such hellish Malice do?
 If I but catch her in a Corner,
 Humph——'tis your Servant Col'nel *Horner*:
 But rot the sneering Fops, if e'er
 I prove it, it shall cost 'em dear;
 I swear by this dead-doing Blade,
 Dreadful Examples shall be made:

What

What— can't they drink Bohea and Cream,
But, dam 'em I must be their Theme?
Other Mens Business let alone,
Why shou'd not Coxcombs mind their own?
As thus he rav'd with all his Might,
(How insecure from Fortune's Spight,
Alas! is ev'ry Mortal Wight!)
To shew his antient Spleen to *Mars*,
Fierce *Vulcan* caught him by the A——
Stuck to his Skirts, insatiate Varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the Scarlet.
Hard by, and in the Corner fate
A *Bench*, grave, with Look sedate,
Smoking his Pipe, warm as a Toast,
And reading over last Week's Post;
He saw the Foe the Fort invade,
And soon smelt out the Breach he made:
But not a word—— a little fly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each Eye
A side-long Glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him News, and watch th' Event.

At length upon that tender Part,
Where Honour lodges, (as of old
Authentick *Hudibras* has told)
The blust'ring Col'nel felt a Smart.
Sore-griev'd for his affronted Bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the Room;
Then turning short, Z——ds, Sir, (he cries)—
Pox on him, had the Fool no Eyes?
What! let a Man be burnt alive!——
I am not, Sir, inquisitive
(Reply'd Sir *Gravity*) to know
Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do;
If you will burn your Tail to Tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other Mens Business let alone,
Why shou'd not Coxcombs mind their own?
Then knocking out his Pipe with care,
Laid down his Penny at the Bar;
And wrapping round his Frize Surtout,
Took up his Crab-Tree, and walk'd out.



The Busy Indolent :

A

T A L E.

Jack Careless, was a Man of Parts,
Well skill'd in the politer Arts,
With Judgment read, with Humour writ,
Among his Friends past for a Wit :
But lov'd his Ease more than his Meat,
And wonder'd Knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expose themselves by being Great.
At no Levees the Suppliant bow'd ;
Nor courted for their Votes the Croud :
Nor Riches, nor Preferment sought,
Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.
Content within due Bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give :

Wou'd

Wou'd whiff his Pipe o'er nappy Ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his Tale;
Reform the State, lay down the Law,
And talk of Lords he never saw;
Fight *Marlbro's* Battels o'er again,
And push the *French* on *Blenheim's* Plain;
Discourse of *Paris*, *Naples*, *Rome*,
Tho' he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true, he travell'd with great care,
The Tour of *Europe*—in his Chair.
Was loth to part without his Load,
Or move 'till Morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest, idle Rake,
Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,
Was lolling in his Elbow-chair,
And building Castles in the Air,
His Nipperkin (the Port was good)
Half empty at his Elbow stood,
When a strange Noise offends his Ear,
The Din increas'd as it came near,

And

And in his Yard at last he view'd
Of Farmers a great Multitude ;
Who that Day walking of their Rounds,
Had disagreed about their Bounds :
And sure the Difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Vollics of Oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless Bombs in Air ;
And thou'rt a Knave, and thou'rt an Oaf,
Is banded round with Truth enough.
At length they mutually agree,
His Worship should be Referree,
Which Courteous *Jack* consents to be :
Tho' for himself he wou'd not budge,
Yet for his Friends an arrant Drudge ;
A Conscience of this Point he made,
With Pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like Light'ning to their aid.
The Farmers summon'd to his Room,
Bowing with aukward Rev'rence come.

In his great Chair his Worship fate,
A grave, and able Magistrate :
Silence proclaim'd, each Clack was laid,
And flippan't Tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short Speech, he first computes
The vast Expence of Law-Disputes,
And everlasting Chanc'ry Suits.
With Zeal, and Warmth, he rally'd then,
Pack'd Juries, Sheriffs, Tales-Men ;
And recommended in the close,
Good Neighbourhood, Peace, and Repose.
Next weigh'd with Care each Man's Pretence,
Perus'd Records, heard Evidence,
Observ'd, reply'd, hit ev'ry Blot,
Unravell'd ev'ry Gordian Knot ;
With great Activity, and Parts,
Inform'd their Judgments, won their Hearts :
And without Fees, or Time mispent,
By strength of Ale, and Argument,
Dispatch'd them home, Friends, and content.

Trusty,

Trusty, who at his Elbow sat,
And with surprize heard the Debate,
Astonish'd, cou'd not but admire
His strange Dexterity, and Fire;
His wise Discernment, and good Sense,
His Quickness, Ease, and Eloquence.

Lord! Sir, (said he) I can't but chide,
What useful Talents do you hide?
In half an hour you have done more
Than *Puzzle* can in half a Score,
With all the Practice of the Courts,
His Cases, Precedents, Reports.

Jack with a Smile reply'd, 'tis true,
This may seem odd, my Friend, to you,
But give me not more than my due.

No hungry Judge nods o'er the Laws,
But hastens to decide the Cause:
Who hands the Oar, and drags the Chain,
Will struggle to be free again.

So lazy Men, and indolent,
With Cares oppress'd, and Bus'ness spent,

Exert

Exert their utmost Pow'rs, and Skill,
 Work hard; for what? why to sit still.
 They toil, they sweat, they want no Fee,
 For ev'n a Sloth prompts to Industry.
 Therefore (my Friend) I freely own
 All this Address I now have shown,
 Is mere Impatience, and no more,
 To lounge, and loiter, as before:
 Life is a Span, the World an Inn,
 Here, Sirrah, t' other Nipperkin.



The Yeoman of Kent :

A

T A L E.

A Yeoman bold (suppose of *Kent*)
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no Rent;
 Manure'd his old paternal Land,
 Had always Money at command,

To

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To purchase Bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his Stock, or help a Friend :
At *Cressy*, and *Poictiers*, of old
His Ancestors were Bow-Men bold ;
Whose good Yew-Bows, and Sinews strong,
Drew Arrows of a Cloth-Yard long :
For *England's* Glory, strew'd the Plain,
With Barons, Counts, and Princes slain.
Belov'd by all the Neighbourhood,
For his Delight was doing good :
At ev'ry Mart his Word a Law,
Kept all the shuffling Knaves in awe.
How just is Heaven, and how true,
To give to such Desert its Due !
'Tis in authentick Legends said,
Two Twins at once had bless'd his Bed ;
Frank was the eldest, but the other
Was honest *Numps*, his younger Brother ;

That,

That, with a Face effeminate,
And Shape too fine, and delicate,
Took after his fond Mother *Kate*,
A *Franklin's* Daughter. *Numps* was rough,
No Heart of Oak was half so tough,
And true as Steel ; to cuff, or kick,
Or play a Bout at double Stick,
Who but Friend *Numps* ? while *Frank's* Delight
Was more (they say) to dance, than fight ;
At *Whitson-ales* King of the *May*,
Among the Maids brisk, frolick, gay,
He tript it on each Holy-Day.
Their Genius diff'rent, *Frank* wou'd roam
To Town ; but *Numps*, he staid at home.
The Youth was forward, apt to learn,
Cou'd soon an honest Living earn ;
Good Company wou'd always keep,
Was known to *Falstaff* in *East-Cheap* ;
Threw many a merry Main, cou'd bully,
And put the Doctor on his Cully ;

Ply'd hard his Work, had learnt the way,
To watch all Night, and sleep all Day.

Flush'd with Success, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his Air, genteel his Mien :

Accomplish'd thus in ev'ry Part,

He won a buxom Widow's Heart.

Her Fortune narrow, and too wide,

Alas! lay her Concerns, her Pride :

Great as a Dutches's, she wou'd scorn

Mean Fare, a Gentlewoman born ;

Poor, and expensive! on my life

'Twas but the Devil of a Wife.

Yet *Frank* with what he won by Night,

A while liv'd tolerably tight ;

And Spouse, who sometimes sate 'till Morn

At Cribbage, made a good Return.

While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,

She laid a Bantling to the Youth ;

But whether 'twas his own or no,

My Authors don't pretend to know.

His Charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true
A Lying-in's expensive too,
In Cradles, Whittles, Spice-Bowls, Sack,
Whate'er the wanton Gossips lack;
While Scandal thick as Hail-shot flies,
Till peaceful Bumpers seal their Eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And visit the good Man his Sire;
In the Stage-Coach he seats himself,
Loaded with Madam, and her Elf;
In her right Hand the Coral plac'd,
Her Lap a *China* Orange grace'd;
Pap for the Babe was not forgot,
And Lullaby's melodious Note,
That warbled in his Ears all day,
Short'ned the rugged, tedious Way.

Frank to the Mansion-House now come,
Rejoice'd to find himself at home;
Neighbours around, and Cousins went
By Scores, to pay their Compliment.

The

The good old Man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little shock'd, to view
A Squire so fine, a Sight so new.
But above all, the Lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a Shrieve's Wife at an Assize
Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her Eyes:
And Master too in all his Pride,
His Silver Rattle by his side,
Wou'd shake it oft, then shrilly scream;
More noisy than the Yeoman's Team;
With Tassels, and with Plumes made proud,
While jingling Bells ring out aloud.
The good old Dame, ravish'd out-right,
E'en doated on so gay a Sight;
Her *Frank*, as glorious as the Morn;
Poor *Numps*, was look'd upon with scorn.

With other Eyes the Yeoman sage
Beheld each Youth; nought cou'd engage

His wary, and discerning Heart,
 But Sterling Worth, and true Desert.
 At last, he cou'd no longer bear
 Such strange sophisticated Ware;
 He cries, (enrage'd at this odd Scene)
 What can this foolish Coxcomb mean,
 Who, like a Pedlar with his Pack,
 Carries his Riches on his Back?
 Soon shall this Block-head sink my Rents,
 And alienate my Tenements,
 Which long have stood in good repair,
 Nor sunk, nor rose, from Heir to Heir;
 Still the same Rent without advance,
 Since the *Black Prince* first conquer'd *France*:
 But now, alas! all must be lost,
 And all my prudent Projects crost.
Brave honest Race! Is it thus then
 We dwindle into Gentlemen?
 But I'll prevent this foul Disgrace,
 This Butterfly from hence I'll chase.

He saddles *Ball* without delay,
To *London* Town directs his way ;
There at the *Heralds Office* he
Took out his Coat, and paid his Fee,
And had it cheap, as Wits agree.
A Lion rampant, stout, and able,
Argent the Field, the Border sable ;
The gay Escutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new-daub'd Country Sign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his speed :
Here, Son, (said he) since you will be
A Gentleman, in spight of me,
Here, Sir, this gorgeous Bauble take,
How well it will become a Rake !
Be what you seem : This is your Share ;
But honest *Numps* shall be my Heir ;
To him I'll leave my whole Estate,
Lest my Brave Race degenerate.

The



The Happy Lunatick :

To Doctor M——

A

T A L E.

WHEN Saints were cheap in good *Nol's* Reign,
As Sinners now in *Drury-Lane*;

Wrapt up in Mysterys profound,

A Saint perceiv'd his Head turn round :

Whether the sweet, and savoury Wind,

That shou'd have been discharg'd behind,

For want of vent, had upward fled,

And seiz'd the Fortrefs of his Head ;

Ye sage Philosophers debate,

I solve no Problems intricate.

That

That he was mad, to me is clear,
Else why shou'd he, whose nicer Ear
Cou'd never bear Church-Musick here,
Dream that he heard the Blest above,
Chanting in Hymns of Joy and Love?
Organs themselves, which were of yore
The Musick of the Scarlet Whore,
Are now with transport heard. In fine,
Ravish'd with Harmony Divine,
All earthly Blessings he defies,
The Guest and Fav'rite of the Skies.
At last, his too officious Friends
The Doctor call, and he attends;
The Patient cure'd, demands his Fee,
Curse on thy farting Pills, and thee,
Reply'd the Saint: Ah! to my Cost
I'm cure'd; but where's the Heav'n I lost?
Go, vile Deceiver, get thee hence,
Who'd barter *Paradise* for Sense?

Ev'n

Ev'n so bemus'd, (that is, possess'd)
 With Raptures fir'd, and more than blest;
 In pompous Epick, tow'ring Odes,
 I strut with Heroes, feast with Gods;
 Enjoy by turns the tuneful Quire,
 For me they touch each Golden Lyre.
 Happy Delusion! kind Deceit!
 Till you, my Friend, reveal the Cheat;
 Your Eye severe, traces each Fault,
 Each swelling Word, each Tinsel Thought.
 Cure'd of my Frenzy, I despise
 Such Trifles, stript of their Disguise,
 Convinc'd, and miserably Wise.

F I N I S.

